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BRIGADIER GENERAL WILLIAM MITCHELL offered to use bombs on the striking miners of West Virginia, but in South Africa this bloody threat is being carried into effect with monstrous results. Armed warfare is on between strikers and the government forces; policemen and soldiers, as well as strikers, have been killed. An industrial struggle has been turned into a fratricidal war. Press items such as the following indicate the havoc that is being wrought in South Africa: "An aviator, flying very low, bombed and blew up the Benoni Trades Hall which was crowded with strikers, most of whom were killed, including some leaders, it is believed." No exigencies can excuse for a moment a government's use against its own citizens of methods so terrible. The strike itself is a long-drawn struggle of murky origin. Starting as a protest of coal miners against a sharp cut in wages, it soon drew in the gold and iron miners and in some localities the organized workers in other fields; and its issue broadened, bringing in the color question and the problem of democratic management, reviving the old Boer feud, and coming near to revolutionary politics. The color question lends an ugly aspect to the situation. Only the white workers are on strike. The proportion of white to colored labor in the coal mines is about 1 to 8 (although in underground work it is said to be as low as 1 to 40); the strikers claim that the employers want to "let down the color bar"; this the operators deny, but say that economy demands that they make the color proportion 1 to 11 instead of 1 to 8. Meanwhile the native workers, thrown out of employment by the thousands, are being repatriated —sent back to their kraals. Whoever wins they lose.

STENOGRAPHERS in Sofia attached to the Allied Commission supervising execution of the treaty with Bulgaria are paid twenty-one and one-half times the salary of the Bulgarian Prime Minister, and poor little Bulgaria has to pay them and their even better-paid chiefs. Hungary's entire army costs less than does the Allied Military Commission watching her disarmament. Four Allied admirals, with their retinues, went to Budapest to supervise disarmament of the Hungarian navy, which consists of four river patrol-boats—at Hungary's cost. So it goes in all the Central Powers—Bulgaria, Hungary, Austria, Germany. The commander of the French armies on the Rhine has two castles at his disposal and improvements ordered in them cost a million and a half marks. Luxurious, over-staffed, and overpaid Allied commissions leading gay lives in Central Europe—all of which has to be paid for by the Central Powers before they begin to pay reparations—have gone far to discourage efforts to execute the reparations clauses of the treaties. We welcome Lord Newton's denunciation of the system in the House of Lords and the news that Great Britain has formally proposed scrapping some of these commissions and scaling down others.

IRISH common sense triumphed when the forces both of the Provisional Government and of the rebellious republicans marched out of Limerick side by side. So long as the contending factions avoid fratricidal war there is hope for Irish peace and prosperity. There are still plenty of clouds in the Irish sky, especially in Ulster, but there is sunshine in comment like this in a recent issue of the *Irish Republic*—official organ of the opponents of the treaty:

> It is deplorable that Irishmen should turn their arms against Irishmen, especially while the British army is still in Ireland. We do not forget the pogroms [in Ulster] and the patience of the Nationalist minority under them. But nothing could be worse for a friendly settlement of the Ulster difficulty and nothing could more undermine the morale of our people than any semblance of a return to the semi-religious factionism which the Republican Government swept out of existence when it supplanted the Parliamentary Party.

THAT sudden demand upon the Allies for payment of $241,000,000—the sum which our Army of Occupation on the Rhine has cost—fell like a bombshell upon the deliberations of the Allied finance ministers in Paris. It is an example, we suppose, of that "tactful pressure" of which the Washington correspondents are taught to write. There is no question that America has as good a right to be repaid for her Rhine expenses as any other country. But all through the months and years of Allied discussion of distribution of the German indemnity America has put in no claim—until March 10, 1922, when she suddenly lifts up

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her voice and asks a share of the spoils. The result is, of course, angry protest—and no action. England, France, Italy, and Belgium divided the spoils as they had expected; we get nothing. *The Nation* believes that our troops should have been withdrawn from the Rhine long ago; the immense cost has been pure waste of money. The United States has a technical right to be repaid those costs before reparations are paid; and it might tactfully have used that right as a means of pressure to shorten the wasteful Occupation and persuade the French to take a more rational attitude to Germany. But bombshells are seldom tactful.

ONE more Quaker relief worker has died of typhus at Samara. Anna Louise Strong, another Quaker worker and a contributor to *The Nation*, is recovering. Fridtjoff Nansen reports that "in many places in the Samara regions they are beginning to kill one another," and, according to the correspondent of the Moscow *Isvestia* the Volga "Acheremisy" still sing, but instead of the Volga Boat Song the words they now sing are these:

> We are dying.
> We are dying.
> The people are fleeing.
> The houses are deserted.
> The burning heat has destroyed
> All the forests,
> All the villages,
> All the fields.
> We are left without bread.
> Who will heed our grief and misery?
> Who will see our tears?
> We are dying.
> Death mows us down.
> Do you hear our groans, our woe and sufferings?
> Do you hear us?

No, America does not hear—despite the organization at last of a Trade Union National Committee for Aid to Russia (41 East 42nd Street, New York City) on which blacksmiths, printers, machinists, textile workers, and railwaymen are represented. Because Herbert Hoover and the New York *Times* attacked the politics of certain relief-collectors, America's contributions to Russian relief have fallen off. Once we let babies starve because we did not like their parents' politics. Any excuse seems to serve. Meanwhile people eat dead bodies.

TWENTY-SIX marines, privates, and non-commissioned officers, found guilty by court martial of engaging in a fight at Managua, Nicaragua, in which three native policemen and an American sergeant were killed, have been sentenced to long prison terms. No doubt some such penalty was deserved and its infliction is a step in advance of the all too frequent whitewash. But why, we would ask, should our marines be in Nicaragua at all? For ten years that formerly free republic has been under American control. Our navy has furnished the force to execute the State Department's orders. But the real purpose of the occupation is to protect the extraordinary position of two great Wall Street banking firms, which today virtually own and control what was once the sovereign state of Nicaragua. The American public's part in all this is that it contributes in taxes to the support of our military establishment there and that occasionally an American family is bereft of a son or husband—its grief fortunately tempered by the belief that "he died for his country."

MR. HUGHES has not added to his stature by his defense of the Four-Power Treaty, yet his appeal may avail to pass it. There is undoubtedly a feeling among many people that for the sake of the effect abroad the treaty should be passed. "What's the odds?" they ask. "How can we do any business with these fellows on the other side if we don't sign up sometime?" Which reminds us that a United States Senator remarked privately the other day that he believed Congress might proceed to passing a law requiring the public execution of one citizen in every ten without its arousing any very great protest. So indifferent is the public, he asserted, to its own interests that each would be content to take a chance that he would be one of the nine to escape. Once more, we repeat the responsibility does not rest with the Senate but upon the makers of the treaty—in this case, according to his own lengthy statement, upon Charles E. Hughes. The facts are these: England had an alliance with Japan which she wished to get rid of and which her Dominions insisted must go. Britain did not want to give it up for fear that Japan would then have a free hand to undermine her commercially in the East. Whereupon Mr. Hughes obliged and substituted a Four-Power Treaty for the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. It ought to be defeated. The ratification of the other naval treaties is quite answer enough to those who say that the United States does not carry out bargains, especially as it was specifically stated in the agenda of the Conference that any agreement arising would have to be ratified according to the separate constitutional processes of each country. This, of course, meant that there might be failure to ratify.

ONE of the fundamental difficulties of agriculture in the United States is that, to a large extent, farmers have been living by selling land instead of produce. In an article on Our Submerging Farmer in *The Nation* of February 22 E. E. Miller called attention to the amount of farm land that could not possibly pay for itself in crops but was carried as a speculation because of its constantly increasing value for other purposes. Mr. Miller blamed this condition for the increase of tenant farming. Recent studies by the Department of Agriculture bear him out. The rate of increase in the *number* of tenant farmers was less from 1910 to 1920 than from 1900 to 1910, but when we consider the acreage and value under tenancy we find that the ratio of increase was larger during the recent decade, amounting to 11 per cent. Now let us observe farm rentals. A study of 33 per cent of all the farms in the United States which, according to the census of 1920, were rented for cash shows that their valuation per acre was $153.67 while their rent per acre was $5.45, a return of 3.54 per cent. In the seventy years from 1850 to 1920, however, farm land as a whole has appreciated at an annual rate of 2 per cent a year, compounded. Obviously the man of small means who is trying to live by farming instead of land speculation will rent land at 3.54 per cent of its value rather than borrow money at twice that rate with which to buy the property. With land rising at a rate of 2 per cent annually, it is evident that the farmer is under continual pressure to raise his prices in order to keep up with increasing rentals and valuations. Agriculture can never be placed on a sound basis, either for the farmer or the consumer, until we end land speculation. As Mr. Miller suggests, the most hopeful means toward this is to stop taxing farm improvements and to levy upon the land itself an impost based on its productive value.

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IT is evident that the arguments for and against joint action by the United States and Canada to improve the St. Lawrence River so as to provide a waterway from Duluth and Chicago to the Atlantic and thence to Liverpool and Hamburg are inspired by sectional interest. Although it is sometimes objected that the whole scheme will be of primary benefit to Canada rather than the United States, the International Commission reports that "anything like general approval of the undertaking was confined to the province of Ontario." In the United States the sentiment in favor of the plan is general except from the regions around Atlantic and Gulf ports which fear the diversion of traffic. As New Yorkers not immune to suspicion of bias, we are bound to confess that on the face of it the Middle West has a strong case. We hope, however, that its victory, which now seems probable, will be based less on its preponderant voting strength in Congress than on its ability to satisfy experts on such points as these: Is the proposed 25-foot depth sufficient; will it have to be increased at enormous cost; what return can be expected from the sale of power; how will the usefulness of the proposed route be affected by the fact that ice will close traffic for at least four and a half months; will it be possible to get satisfactory return cargoes from Europe for inland ports; to what extent will the New York barge canal and its elevator facilities now approaching completion meet the problem? These questions need more careful consideration than the report of the International Commission has afforded. Meanwhile even discussion of the St. Lawrence route has had the wholesome effect of hastening action by New York and New Jersey looking to the scientific development of the port of New York.

WE Americans are still pretty conservative in our economics but we have outgrown the days when employers in a necessary industry can take the public-be-damned attitude of the New England textile manufacturers. Their employees have offered to submit to arbitration or to accept a wage reduction if impartial examination of the companies' books proves that that is the necessary condition of their continued solvency. But the employers simply stand pat. They will not "open the matter to public discussion"—but they expect the public to pay the costs, direct and indirect, of a protracted strike while they sell off goods in stock at a profitable figure. This is too much even for the New York *Times* which has remonstrated editorially with the employers. Public opinion in both Rhode Island and New Hampshire is with the strikers. But sympathy fills no empty stomachs. The unions are doing their share by community restaurants and cooperative purchase. Americans who value an American standard of living will do well to help them.

The woman declared in court today that she had made efforts to become a useful citizen, having worked at various times at good jobs, but that each time she had been dogged out of success in these ventures by the police.—New York *Globe*.

THUS Florence Burns, no saint but a sinner undoubtedly, who narrowly escaped being sentenced for murder in the famous Brooks case in 1902. Yet the sentence quoted above haunts us, for it is what comes to us from many a former convict who wants to go straight. Indeed, it was only the other day that we heard of a sound prison reformer who declared in a moment of despair that there was no use doing anything for the prisoners as long as the police are what they are. To him the only thing left seemed to be to start a boys' school in the hope of doing his share to make the next generation go straight. Florence Burns was in a house in New York City when the detectives broke in, apparently without a warrant and in search of evidence upon which to base charges of disorderly conduct. Not knowing who the men were she took a revolver out of a bag as they came in. For this offense she was given three years in the penitentiary; that is, another step was taken in the relentless process of making her an habitual criminal. Such is her punishment for merely having a revolver when men walk the streets by the hundreds with them, with and without licenses! Daily the question becomes more pressing: How can we curb the police of our cities? Perhaps when we answer that question it will be easier—certainly it cannot be harder—to curb the violence of criminals.

IN the confusion of causes and controversies it is easy to lose sight of some happy endings to bad beginnings. Here for instance is Governor Miller of New York, himself a pillar of conservatism, whose well-reasoned opposition to enforced labor seems to have given a death-blow to the vicious industrial court bills before the Legislature. And here is Governor Blaine of Wisconsin who has strengthened the liberal forces in the State university by the appointment of Mr. F. A. Nace, a progressive "dirt farmer," to the Board of Regents. Too often State boards of regents, like the trustees of private universities, are representatives of rather narrow class interests. In Wisconsin a board dominated by lawyers and manufacturers had—as we recorded in our issue of February 8—throttled free speech in the students' forum. A few more of the right sort of appointments to the board ought to change the situation.

AT a recent meeting of the Authors' League of America the question discussed was that of the censorship of the arts. An uncommon amount of real thinking and of real vision characterized the various addresses. The best and most pertinent was undoubtedly that of Mary Austin. The fundamental point that Mrs. Austin made was not that the arts should necessarily be wholly withdrawn from social control any more than the personal life of men and women should be. The object of her just, temperate, yet crushing attack was the character of the control which a muddle-headed society seeks to exert today over both art and life. Censorships of art and the personal life today are not the expressions of the teaching of a scientific experience, such as justifies the regulations that guard the public health; they are frequently the expression of emotional prejudices of a narrow and, in the deeper sense, unthinking portion of the community. The only tolerable censorship, Mrs. Austin urged, would be one that had no emotional bias and no religious prejudice. The present problem, however, is to ward off the immediate calamity of stupid official censorship. The various authors' and dramatists' leagues have therefore made a truce with their would-be censors. They will consult juries of citizens to whom questionable cases are to be submitted. This looks fair enough. But the use of the phrase "common sense" in the resolutions and agreements has an ominous sound. What would a jury of sincere contemporaries, equipped primarily with common sense, have done with "The Cenci," with "Ghosts," with "Before Dawn," with "Mrs. Warren's Profession"? Common sense rushes in where the philosophic intellectual fears to tread. And we trust that the estate of the American dramatist will not be rendered worse by the proposed arrangement.

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Gandhi—The Way of Prophets and Saints

GANDHI has been arrested. The British Raj has answered the old question "What shall we do with our saints and prophets?" in the orthodox way of governments. Such is the end of a policy which has illustrated once more the futility of a belated and hesitant liberalism in time of crisis. That policy was an inept compound of concession and repression and its guiding principle was: Divide and govern. We credit both Mr. Montagu, until recently Secretary of State for India, and Lord Reading, the Viceroy, with liberal intentions. Their delay in the arrest of Gandhi even more than their support of the parliamentary institutions set up by the Reform Act was gall and wormwood to the old-time bureaucracy, but it did not satisfy India. They tried to strengthen their Government by importing the Prince of Wales, but to obtain a welcome for that amiable young man it proved necessary to arrest 5,209 persons in Calcutta alone. Repression became more and more the order of the day, and legal repression, as always, has been attended by extra-legal cruelty. But in vain were Indian leaders imprisoned; the ferment only increased. Finally as a last desperate measure came the Indian Government's note urging the adoption of uncompromising Moslem demands for the restoration of the Turkish Empire.

The immediate effect of the publication of the note was the enforced resignation of Mr. Montagu, a political tempest in England, and the arrest of Gandhi in India as token of the definite adoption of the policy of the iron hand. For the present we are concerned neither with the justice and practicability of the Moslem demand which the Indian Government indorsed, nor with the plight of the British Empire, but with the Indian situation. The Viceroy's note which Mr. Montagu made public bears unanswerable testimony to the extent and power of the Nationalist movement. To disrupt it by buying off Moslem adherence to the national cause was the sole reason for the Government's unprecedented act. English opposition frustrated the payment of the bribe to the Moslems; it did not frustrate the arrest of the one man whose teaching has heretofore prevented violent revolt. When an alien government arrests a national hero who, its own apologists admit, is the most saintly figure in the modern world, no further proof is required that it rests its case on naked force.

Even so, the protagonists of imperialism, English and American, assure us that there was no other course open to the Government. However clouded England's title, she and she alone, it is asserted, protects India from external invasion and internal chaos and strife. She has brought justice and modern civilization to a country where they could not exist but for her strong arm. The argument is not convincing; it clearly overstates both the evil conditions prior to the British conquest and the blessings of British rule. It attributes material progress solely to alien rule rather than to the general march of science which has coincided with the period of British dominance. At best the imperialist case smacks too much of the argument of the burglar who would justify his continued occupation of another man's house by saying: "I keep order in the household and I keep other burglars out." The Indians are willing to take the risk of doing that for themselves. They believe they can end the economic drain of an alien rule which has multiplied famines, increased illiteracy, and reduced the people of a land which was once a synonym for wealth to the poorest on earth. They are weary of seeing their sons enlisted and their property taken to fight England's wars. They passionately affirm that in losing native government they have not even gained good government.

This Indian indictment with some changes lies not alone against Great Britain, but against Western civilization wherever it has been enforced on weaker peoples. Every imperial Power—and none more than our own—needs to consider its justice. One may admit a considerable service rendered by the rule of the British Raj and a real danger in its instantaneous collapse, and yet believe that it has earned the doom that lies before it. Indeed the question of the balance of good or evil in Western rule is almost academic in view of the plain fact of Eastern hatred of it. The exploited peoples of Asia and Africa are aroused; they are on the march; whether the force that challenges the West will be primarily national or racial, or a revival of Islam, the certainty of that challenge is plain. As well argue with the north wind as talk to Tripolitans or Egyptians or Indians of the blessings of hospitals and railroads when they feel that their pride is outraged by the conqueror. For some time—no man knows how long—the superior material equipment of the West will assure its victory. But if the future is to be one of stark conflict we face intolerable tragedy both for the imperial Powers and those who are rising against them. At best the future of the relations between the races is dark. The great hope is in such leadership as Gandhi offered—and this the British despised.

Consider the man. In the space of a few years he has done more for his people than any government in centuries. He has been the bearer of new hope and human dignity to the untouchables; he has been the weaver of bonds of unity between the Moslems and Hindus whom the British would keep asunder; he has fought the liquor traffic which was debasing his people, and the infamous opium monopoly by which, for its own profit, the British Government menaces not only India but all mankind. He has given to revolution non-violent instruments which promise the release of humanity from the seeming necessity of wars for freedom. He has sincerely preached love for the enemy. Not he but Lord Reading, by his refusal to abandon repression, prevented the proposed Round Table Conference which might have furthered the peaceful settlement of grievances. Even on the vexed question of the Caliphate we believe that Gandhi's voice might have been potent in persuading his Moslem friends to grant to non-Moslem communities the justice they seek for themselves. And it is this hope which the British Government has almost shattered—apparently with the consent of those British liberals who would approve the deportation or imprisonment of Gandhi while they praise his saintliness! Yet that hope is not dead while Gandhi's spirit is powerful in India. How long his people will follow the way he pointed out, we do not know; already there are signs of revolt. But this we know: If the Indian people, like the oppressed of other lands, finally take the way of the sword, the primary blame for the tragedy that will follow must rest not on those who have preached freedom and justice or even on those who seek them by violence, but on those who have made violence the very foundation of their continuing dominion over unwilling subjects.

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Governed by an Ostrich

MR. HUGHES is developing a talent that amounts to genius for doing the right thing for the wrong reason. He announces that the United States will not go to Genoa—which, since M. Poincaré accepted the conference only on conditions that condemn it to futility, is wise—but apparently his chief reason is that he does not want to meet the representatives of Soviet Russia. He acts as if he were afraid of Lenin's beard. It is difficult to know whether to call such an attitude ignorant, hypocritical, or merely childish; it is by any criterion stupid.

Yet the diplomatic note in which Mr. Hughes announces the Administration's decision is not without encouragement for those who watch pronouncements from Washington with eager hope for a constructive European program. The United States, says Mr. Hughes, "must take a deep interest in any conference which holds promise of effective measures to promote the economic rehabilitation of Europe. . . . It is manifest that there can be no improvement in world conditions in the absence of European recuperation." It is good news that this truth has penetrated an Administration which has sometimes seemed desirous of holding itself in a virtuous vacuum, uncontaminated by European contacts. The Administration's devotion to a high protective tariff has not hitherto indicated a profound understanding of the economic interrelationship of nations.

"Questions appear to have been excluded from consideration without the satisfactory determination of which the chief causes of economic disturbance must continue to operate," Mr. Hughes says at another point. From a Government accustomed to the niceties of diplomatic discourse and from men whose habit it was to adopt and then to follow a consistent policy these words would mean that the United States Government recognized that the revision of the reparations provisions of the Treaty of Versailles (excluded from the Genoa agenda at M. Poincaré's behest) was the necessary first step toward reconstruction, that our Government would refuse to participate in any parley excluding discussion of that step and would participate when M. Poincaré was ready to quit flag-waving and get to work. Such a policy would bring new hope to the world. But as things are the words may mean anything or nothing. Mr. Harding's past vacillations on the bonus, the "association of nations," and other questions make it impossible to expect consistency where he presides.

Besides, there is the Administration's impossibilist policy regarding Russia. Ostrich-like, it seems to think that if we bury our heads in the sand and say we cannot see the Soviet Government, then, presto! there will be no Soviet Government. This ostrich policy we have followed for four long years; other nations have learned that it does not work. Indeed, this very Administration has two hands that know not one another. Herbert Hoover as Secretary of Commerce cannot join in any parley with the Bolsheviks; Herbert Hoover as head of the American Relief Administration has dozens of agents in daily contact with them and they report, astonished, that the Bolsheviks are mortals with two eyes, two ears, and a nose, very like honest Americans, and that they are pleasant folks to do business with. Mr. Hughes refers to the Wilsonian statement on Russia which he issued March 25, 1921, in which he declared that before America could deal with Russia, Russia must guarantee personal and property rights and respect the rights of labor! Russia has turned her economic system topsy-turvy restoring private property rights; she long ago abandoned that conscription of labor which Trotzky, perhaps copying our "Work or Fight" laws, tried to establish; some thirty European and Asiatic nations have regular trade missions merrily doing business with her—and still our State Department repeats the same old rigmarole.

Just to add to the silliness of this March madness, the State Department has been filling the newspapers with another reason for not dealing with Russia. We cannot deal with Russia, it seems, until Russia reduces her army. Russia has an army of 1,500,000 men. Now Russia's population is more than 150,000,000, nearly four times that of France, yet her army is only twice as large. Do we refuse to deal with France because she maintains an army proportionately twice as large as that of Russia? Or with Poland because her army is proportionately larger still? Has Washington forgotten that the Japanese in Siberia still threaten Russia and that Poland's army is maintained simply as a gun pointed at Moscow? Washington is talking arrant nonsense. This refusal to go to Genoa and the hint at the need of reparations revision is excellent; but can we credit a Government with wisdom that has learned nothing since 1917 about the largest country in Europe, that still buries its head in the sand rather than face the fact of the existence of Soviet Russia?

History as She Is Wrote

THIS time it is Ray Stannard Baker in the New York *Times*, engaged in the official defense of Mr. Wilson's colossal failure at Paris, setting forth how that gentleman was deceived by our beloved Allies in hiding from him their secret treaties. Mr. Wilson, it will be remembered, when the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee called upon him at the White House, August 19, 1919, declared that he had never heard of these treaties until he reached Paris. Replying to Senator Borah's question whether he had any knowledge of these treaties "until you reached Paris," he said: "Not unless there was information at the State Department of which I knew nothing." Mr. Lansing testified similarly; he, too, knew nothing of them except some vague rumors about the London agreement. "Were you familiar with any other agreements between——" he was asked by Senator Johnson. "*No*," said Secretary Lansing. Mr. Baker's pity for this uninformed President is unbounded. "No real enlightenment [about these secret treaties] came to the President from any source," he writes, and he accuses Mr. Lansing not only of "blank ignorance" but "culpable neglect." But, bless his kindly, pitying soul, Mr. Baker himself is nearly as bad as either of them. For he fails utterly to state that these secret treaties were all published in the New York *Evening Post* and various other newspapers of the United States ten months before Mr. Wilson sailed for Paris, that is, in January-February, 1918; that they were reprinted in pamphlet form and sold on subway news-stands by tens of thousands; that Colonel House received copies and that a copy of the pamphlet was placed in the hands of every member of Congress. Plainly, Mr. Wilson and Mr. Tumulty were very easily victimized by Colonel House and Mr. Lansing. An expenditure of ten cents would have placed them in the possession of information the lack of which, Mr.

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Baker points out, put them at a complete disadvantage in the most important negotiation in history.

These treaties came to the *Evening Post* by way of Vladivostok rather mysteriously, but the supposition always has been that they were smuggled in next to the skin of some Russian stoker or sailor. For it is a sardonic fact that the American censorship and the British censorship were both bent upon keeping these treaties out of the United States and they would have done so but for the *Evening Post's* publication. The amusing feature of it all is that the censorship did keep the facts from reaching the White House, since neither the White House nor the State Department read the newspapers. Neither did they read the debates of the House of Commons, for during the summer of 1918 they were frequently debated in that interesting body, notably on June 28, when Mr. Balfour—the same Mr. Balfour who has recently been in Washington—rose in his seat and said "By these treaties we stand—our national honor is bound up in them." So both Mr. Wilson and Mr. Lansing, if they had only heard of such a publication as Hansard, would have been warned in advance of exactly what was going to happen in Paris, and Colonel House too. The then President of the United States was a busy man, but he did have several secretaries and several press-clipping clerks, and it would seem as if he might occasionally have read a newspaper himself.

For Colonel House there is no alibi possible. Mr. Lincoln Colcord, then Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, stated in *The Nation* of September 13, 1919, that he had the pleasure of bringing the Balfour statement "to the attention of Colonel House by letter, inclosing the newspaper clippings of the incident and pointing out very fully its bearings. . . . I can recall dozens of conversations with Colonel House about the secret treaties, going back as far as the summer of 1917. And I remember how again and again during that season . . . we urged upon the Administration the danger of the course that was being followed by America; the unwisdom of leaving the secret treaties unrepudiated. . . ." There is no escaping the conclusion that Mr. Wilson and his nearest advisers were hopelessly or wilfully blind. There are many Americans who think that Mr. Wilson fibbed to Senator Borah. We are not among them; we believe that the President and his associates were monstrously incompetent. They had taken the greatest brief in history—a brief for all mankind—and yet they prepared themselves so little as to the diplomatic backgrounds of the war that, as Mr. Baker points out, they were hopelessly handicapped in their fight for the Fourteen Points when they reached Versailles. Even then a brave fighter, a man who would have insisted, under threat of pulling out, upon holding the Allies to their plighted troth in their acceptance of the Armistice terms, would have achieved a great victory for mankind instead of a defeat ending in what Mr. Vanderlip has called "the worst document struck off by a group of men at any given time—the Treaty of Versailles.

But what are we to think of modern history-writing when we find that Mr. Ray Stannard Baker wrote his piece in the New York *Times* without the slightest knowledge of the widespread publicity given to the secret treaties in the United States, in complete ignorance of the publication of Lincoln Colcord, without even being aware that the secret treaties were on sale on the news-stands of New York and other cities during all the critical months when Mr. Wilson was assuming the "spiritual leadership" of the world?

Bernard Shaw in Maryland

While the women of Maryland are urging the enactment of a law removing all discriminations against their sex, Senator Fox of Baltimore has introduced a bill designed to grant equal rights to men, making it "the duty of a wife to contribute at least one-half to the expenses of the home."—Press Item.

INCREDIBLE as it must seem, Bernard Shaw has invaded Maryland. It is possible that the population of the State does not know it; it is more than possible that the population of the State with a few exceptions has never even heard of "Getting Married." But Shaw is there. . . .

Cynthia Fuller, a charming but wilful Baltimore belle, decided to marry Ethelbert Allen. Marriage, to Cynthia, meant an escape into self-determination. But recently she has discovered some strings attached to her matrimonial freedom. Marriage in Maryland is, legally, a job. If you accept it, Cynthia finds, you accept certain legal obligations. It isn't that she would *want* to let Ethelbert go without his supper. Goodness, no. But she hates to think that if she *didn't* cook his supper—if she were working for her living, for instance, just like Ethelbert, and came home too tired to cook—Ethelbert could have her arrested. "A husband," says the Maryland law, "is entitled to his wife's services," and those services must be rendered without hope of more compensation than a slave was entitled to before the war—bed and board. That seems unpleasant to Cynthia. She finds that her children would owe her "reverence and respect" but nothing more; their father would have the right to control their upbringing and education, and then to will away the guardianship to someone else when he died. She finds that there are other things men may do and women may not—things she would never connect with a nice young man like Ethelbert, but they annoy her just the same.

Meanwhile Ethelbert has discovered that fate and the laws are unkind to husbands. Cynthia could do the housework any old way and he couldn't fire her or make an effective protest so long as she did it at all; and in her spare time she could write poetry or sell insurance and keep every cent she made. But Ethelbert would have to support Cynthia, and that means 9 to 5 in a law office while his nice little flair for verse-writing dies a dusty death. His home would consume all his earnings, and if he tried to hold out the price of a good cigar Cynthia could remove it from his pocket and escape punishment. Why, argues Ethelbert, shouldn't Cynthia be expected to supply half the support of the family and take an equal share of the other responsibilities of their joint life?

Cynthia seems sympathetic when he mentions it but brings up her own worries. "Of course, Bertie," she says, "you're quite right. But if I earn half the family income you'll have to share the housework and having babies and all that sort of thing; we want this to be perfectly fair. And you mustn't divorce me for things I can't divorce you for. It wouldn't be right." Ethelbert shakes his head gloomily. "I don't see how we can marry," he says. "On the other hand," says Cynthia, who is modern and explicit, "we can't *not* marry. Most of our troubles would be eliminated if we should forego a ceremony; but we owe it to our parents and to our children to be married." So Cynthia and Ethelbert will work hard for the abolition of sex discriminations and in due time they will be married—so that even the conclusion of our little story will be according to Shaw.

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The Tragedy of Coal

By BENJAMIN STOLBERG

I

THE difference between the industrial struggle in the unionized and the non-unionized fields is the difference between a fencing match and a mortal slugging. No one who reads Winthrop D. Lane's masterly report of the "Civil War in West Virginia" can escape the catastrophic sense that there is no limit to the social irresponsibility and the reckless cruelty of the industrial conflict. On the other hand, in the Central Competitive Field—western Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois—the operators depend on organized labor almost as much as do the miners. Their different agreements are so studded with all kinds of equalization clauses for the protection of the geologically and terminally less favored mines that the breakdown of the union would crowd between 25 to 30 per cent of the owners out of business within one or two seasons and would leave the less quickly decimated collieries in a state of suicidal competition.

Still, the operators in the Central Competitive Field, whose agreements set the standard for all the other bituminous fields and even affect the spirit if not the form of the agreements in anthracite territory, are deliberately daring the threatened strike of this April 1. For they realize that they have nothing to lose and something to gain from the current reactionary tempest in general and from the vindictive factiousness within the International Union in particular. They might possibly win a lower wage scale and also the coveted advantage of district as against interstate arbitration. They prefer district arbitration even about major problems, because it has the tendency to view industrial maladjustment technically rather than socially, which is apt to be more favorable to investment than to labor. In short, the operators in organized territory wish to reduce unionism to a mere balance staff of business competition.

The first scale agreement between the Operators' Associations of the Central Competitive Field and the United Mine Workers of America, as these bodies are now organized, was signed on April 1, 1912. In 1911 the average income of the miner, whether he worked by the ton or by the day, was about $500 a year. The 1912 agreement raised the daily wage a little over 5 per cent. It confirmed the sporadic eight-hour day and referred all technical difficulties to the district. This agreement was substantially renewed in 1914 and lasted until April 1, 1916.

The 1916 agreement, which was meant to be effective until April 1, 1918, provided for a 3-cent tonnage advance and a 5 per cent increase for day men. But these raises by no means implied a larger annual income, for the number of work days in the industry is absolutely indeterminate. During the World War (1914-1918) the rates of the American miner advanced a little over 36 per cent, but they left his annual income practically unaffected; relatively he was growing poorer every day, for the cost of living during the same period advanced 85 per cent. Even at the peak of "silk-shirt" wages the Illinois miner earned less than $1,000 annually, at a time when the minimum subsistence budget for a family of five called for $1,600, though it is difficult to see how such a family could then have "subsisted" on such an income.

It was toward the end of 1916 that the full effects of the European war began to tell on this country in an ever steepening cost of living, among whose contributory factors was the sudden jump in the price of coal. In fact business was so good that even the operators felt that a revision of the scale was in order. And so on the day of America's entry into the war the operators of the Central Competitive Field met the miners in a series of conferences which ended on April 17, 1917, with the agreement that until the following March 31 the tonnage men should be raised 10 cents a ton and the day men 60 cents a day. Still, even this advance, according to the operators' own statistics, kept the average earnings of half the Illinois miners at about $80 a month.

On August 27, 1917, Dr. Garfield took charge as Fuel Administrator, with dictatorial powers over the industry. At about this time the situation had once more become so critical that, with the permission of Dr. Garfield, the operators met the miners for another revision of their agreement. And on October 6, 1917, they signed the so-called Washington Agreement, which later was used as the basis for the award of the Bituminous Coal Commission, now in force. This Washington Agreement provided for another increase of 10 cents for tonnage workers and $1.40 for day men.

Early in 1918 the miners again had to broach the subject of a raise in an effort to meet the rising cost of living, toward whose "reasonable-comfort" level the average family miner earned no more than about 40 per cent. But Dr. Garfield, who by that time had proved himself an academic edition of Mr. Burleson, promptly frustrated these efforts on the ground that the industry could not absorb a further increase. Finally, in February, 1919, Frank Hayes, president of the United Mine Workers of America, was forced by his desperate constituency to summon a Policy Committee of his organization to Indianapolis. The committee adopted a report whose main demands were a wage increase of 60 per cent, a minimum six-hour day and five-day week, and the nationalization of the industry. Of course, these demands were immediately headlined as absurdly socialistic. Public opinion was made especially to resent the thirty-hour week, for with few creditable exceptions the daily press did not inform it that the miners were fighting for a minimum insurance in their working schedule. At their biennial convention in Cleveland next September the miners ratified the report of their Policy Committee. There were a few hurried conferences between capital and labor, but they resulted in a deadlock. And on October 15, 1919, Acting President Lewis had no alternative but to call a strike in the bituminous fields for November 1.

The coal strike of 1919 is still vivid history. All the forces of government were invoked by President Wilson against this "unlawful" and "illegal" attempt of the workers to meet at least two-thirds of the minimum standard of living, one year after the armistice. Through injunction and military threat the President forced the cancelation of the strike. Then Secretary Wilson proposed a flat increase of 27.12 cents a ton for tonnage workers and of $1.58 a day for day men. But Dr. Garfield insisted that the current

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selling-price of coal would not permit an increase over 14 per cent. Finally President Wilson induced the miners to accept the Garfield plan, pending the report of his own commission. As chairman of this Bituminous Coal Commission he appointed W. M. Robinson of Ohio to represent the public; Rembrandt Peale of Pennsylvania was chosen to represent the operators; and former President John P. White of the miners to represent the latter.

This commission presented its report to the President on March 10, 1920, Robinson and Peale signing the majority report. Its award eliminated the Garfield 14 per cent increase and reverted to the Washington Agreement as a basis. It increased all tonnage work by 24 cents and granted to day labor an additional dollar. Trappers and boys were advanced 53 cents a day. The eight-hour day was to continue. These were the outstanding features of an award bristling with technical exceptions, differentials, and provisions.

On March 31, 1920, this majority award was accepted by the operators and the miners, to continue in effect until March 31, 1922. During the last two years the average wage of the Illinois miner still fluctuated around $1,000. Basing his figures on the prices of December, 1919, Professor Ogburn of Columbia University has worked out an annual budget of $2,243.94 for the maintenance of the barest minimum of health and decency in an average mining family. So that today the average miner earns less than half of this minimum American standard. But for the present he accepts this undernourishment standard of living as a necessary economic evil, for at their last biennial convention the United Mine Workers of America voted for the continuation of their present wage scale, provided it is stabilized by an assured thirty-hour week, which would guarantee them a steady weekly income whose annual aggregate would amount to about $1,400. *In other words, all the American miner asks is that his poverty may be so regulated as to lift from his home the curse of debts and rags and hunger from which his family is now periodically suffering.*

II

On February 14 to 18 last the fifth biennial convention of the United Mine Workers of America reconvened in Indianapolis amid the stormiest sessions in the history of the organization. The business of the conference was to hear and pass upon the report of the Scale Committee. But this business was much enlivened by the struggle between the international president, Mr. Lewis, and a district president, Mr. Farrington of Illinois, and their respective adherents, on two main issues, of which the more dramatic one was the Howat suspension.

The miner is by all odds our most radical worker. He is not especially class-conscious with any particular -ism, but rather elemental in his temper as compared with the urban worker. His is by far the most dangerous occupation. The price for every 260,000 tons of coal is a human life. Annually 2,500 miners are killed and 30,000 injured. His job requires a reckless courage which makes him a bit skeptical of Rotarian economics and Young Men's Christian ethics. Also, his work is in the very earth, where weird darkness and quiet and monotonous toil force him to introspection about the fundamentals of personal and social life. The most metaphysical day of my life I spent in a mine shaft. Then, the seclusion of the mining-camp makes syndicalist as against trade-union organization inevitable. Hence the United Mine Workers of America is our only real One Big Union.

On the other hand, the leadership of this vast labor syndicate is almost as inevitably forced toward conservatism. The international and the district officers live in a state of constant and detailed administrative brokerage with Big Capital, for coal is interlocked with railroads and New York finance. This spiritual discrepancy between the leadership and the rank and file always feeds an undercurrent of distrust which at any moment might break out into vindictive opposition, often complicated by factiousness within the leadership itself. The Howat issue is an instance of such complex bitterness.

In April, 1921, the Dean Coal Company of Kansas had a petty controversy with some of its men. The company was willing to refer the matter to the Joint District Board, but Howat, the president of the Kansas miners, called a strike, on the ground that the issue was not arbitrable under the agreement. Much the same thing happened at the strip-pit operation of the Reliance Mining Company the following June. Howat, who is a man of great courage and unswerving loyalty to labor, has been so antagonized by the ever-present menace of the Kansas Industrial Court that he would rather err in defiance to it than in submission, though in these two instances the court was involved only potentially. The International Executive Board of the United Mine Workers examined both cases and reported that both times the operators were within their rights in demanding arbitration.

Thereupon President Lewis suspended Howat and all the locals in the Kansas District which sided with him, a move which later called forth the censure of President Gompers. There is a touch of anthracite about John Lewis. He is hard and smooth and burns with difficulty, but with a steady flame. His indictment of Howat at the convention was a master brief. The rank and file are undoubtedly for Howat, though they realize that under the present temper of public opinion a "radical" leadership would give them lesser bargaining power than the parliamentarian tactics of John Lewis. At the same time his very addiction to cabinet government robs his personality of that contagious fervor for great ends which is the mark of great leadership.

It was especially on the Kansas issue that the Farrington opposition tried to get the convention to declare its lack of confidence in the Lewis administration by voting Howat back into good standing. But though the Illinois District has 90,000 members of the 425,000 bituminous miners in this country and is financially as well if not better off than the national organization, the Lewis machine won by the close vote of 2,073 against 1,955. But it lost on the eight-hour underground recommendation of its Scale Committee.

The other main recommendations of the Scale Committee were the continuation of the present wage scale; time and a half for overtime and double time for Sundays and holidays; elimination of certain differentials between States and districts; weekly pay as against once every two weeks; and a two-year contract to expire on March 31, 1924. The committee also recommended the support of the anthracite miners in their demand for a 20 per cent increase, which would about equalize their wages with those of the bituminous workers.

The controversial point between the Lewis group and the opposition on the Scale Committee's report was the eight-hour day. The administration felt that the publicity handi-

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cap of the thirty-hour week would alienate public opinion disastrously, while its opponents denounced any wage scale as practically meaningless unless it be stabilized by a minimum-work schedule as surety against enforced idleness. The thirty-hour week was carried almost unanimously.

The 1920 agreement contained the resolution that "an Interstate Joint Conference be held prior to April 1, 1922." Accordingly Lewis invited on February 20 all the signatories to the 1920 agreement to meet in Cleveland on March 2. The operators declined on the ground that "many of them are under indictment for having participated in former wage agreement conferences and they doubted the advisability, while the indictments were pending, of entering another such conference." But their doubts on this point were cleared on highest authority when President Harding declared that Attorney General Daugherty advised him that an Interstate Joint Conference could be held without prejudicing the operators under the indictment. In fact, the Attorney General volunteered the additional information that the 1920 agreement was a "contract" whose resolutions are legally binding and the President added that the Government would bend every effort to bring about the conference.

Still, the operators refused to meet the workers, primarily because they felt that "the war wage scale and the thirty-hour week cannot form the basis of a possible agreement." Also, they are inclined to exaggerate the significance of the Lewis-Farrington bout. Farrington is one of the shrewdest fighters in American labor and he avowedly realizes that his opportunities lie within the union and not outside of it. To split it is furthest from his thoughts. And should there be a district conference in Illinois, as there possibly might be, it is quite certain that the international officers have been consulted. In the meantime the country is facing another coal strike on April 1.

On Washington's birthday the international officers of the miners met with representatives of the railroad brotherhoods and crafts in Chicago for the purpose of effecting the "closer cooperation of their forces" "against the industrial and financial interests . . . looking toward further wage reductions and additional changes in working conditions that will be detrimental to the people employed in these industries." The conference suggested that all the chief executives of the organizations there represented form an ex-officio executive committee to consider ways and means of fighting the reaction. The meeting was largely a moral gesture. But it is possible that the nationalization planks of these two most basic industries may bring them more closely together, because increased government control in one will aid the other.

When the miners voted for a minimum working week, the demand for nationalization followed like a conclusion in a syllogism. During the last thirty years the American miner averaged only 215 working days a year, which clearly indicates the enormous bill in competitive waste and inefficiency which owners, workers, and consumers have been paying all along. Production engineers compare our present mining efficiency to the agricultural stage of the spade. Between 20 and 50 per cent of the coal is left underground, for the operator who wants to use the best mechanical equipment cannot survive.

Soviet Armenia

By PAXTON HIBBEN

TWO nations have suffered from a lack of sense of humor in respect of the Treaty of Sèvres: Greece and Armenia. But where Greece by an actual though costly and it may prove empty victory over the Turks has managed to hold her own, Armenia has been overrun by a devastating Turkish army, which occupied the country for six months, destroyed 140 towns, rendered some 400,000 people homeless, and stripped the land of every plow, horse, ox, and milch cow. On October 31, 1920, Kiazim Karabekhir Pasha's Nationalist army took the fortress of Kars, once the Russian Verdun of the South, virtually without a struggle. A week later the Turks entered Alexandropol, the railway center of Armenia, and the remnants of the beaten Armenian army fled to the hills or took refuge in the Republic of Georgia, to the north. On December 2 Armenia suddenly turned soviet, and with the aid of Soviet Russia attained peace at last.

These events aroused the League of Nations Assembly, then in session at Geneva, to a flood of oratory. "I shriek with horror," the New York *Times* quoted Lord Robert Cecil as saying, "from the idea that in Armenia's terrible distress the League does nothing to help her." Everybody shrieked, and the shrieks were given startling headlines and columns of space in the newspapers. But events in Armenia, where the tragic drama was playing to its curtain in grim reality, were accorded no detailed chronicle. It is time they were made known, for a proper understanding of the problems involved.

When the Armenian provinces of Russia declared their independence on May 28, 1918, the group which seized the reins of government in the new republic, without the formality of popular election, was the strongly nationalistic Dashnakzagan, once a secret terrorist organization in the time of the Czars. Its governmental methods were such as might be expected of an organization of this character—ruthless, chauvinistic, frequently venal, but on the whole embodying the dream of Armenian independence which has possessed every Armenian since the Egyptian Mamelukes deposed Leo VI in 1375.

With the end of the war, relying upon what Mr. Balfour termed "the public statements made by leading statesmen among the Allied Powers in favor of the settlement of the Armenian case upon the principle of self-determination," the Armenians harbored great hopes of a vast Armenian state to be carved out of Turkey. But appreciating that if these hopes were to be realized a comparatively small number of Armenians would be called upon to rule over a considerable majority of Turks and Kurds, the Dashnakzagan Government of Armenia could see less reason for setting about the economic regeneration of their country through hard work than for creating the largest army possible. And the less prospect there seemed of an American mandate, the more necessary it appeared to them to spend what money they could borrow on rifles rather than plows.

This was plainly the fault of the Peace Conference. The talk in those days was all of punishing the Turks, not of making treaties of alliance with them. At no time were the Armenians given the slightest inkling that they would be

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dropped overboard as excess diplomatic baggage at the crucial moment. On the contrary the program for Armenia's treatment as another Poland seemed to move smoothly, albeit slowly. In July, 1919, while the Peace Conference was in full session, it dispatched a high commissioner to the Armenian Republic, and credits were extended to the Dashnakzagan Government and its paper accepted as guaranty thereof, quite as if Armenia would shortly be able to pay. In August, 1919, Major General Harbord was sent to report on the advisability of an American mandate over Armenia, but was astute enough to render a report which left the final decision to President Wilson, already pledged to Armenian protection by the twelfth of his Fourteen Points. On April 23, 1920, the Dashnakzagan Government of Armenia was formally recognized by the United States, and on April 26 the San Remo Conference requested President Wilson to delimit the boundaries between the recognized, independent Armenian state and Turkey, which the President, on May 21, agreed to do. Two days later the Supreme Council at Paris offered "the protection of the League of Nations to an independent Armenia."

On August 10, 1920, the Treaty of Sèvres solemnly turned over to the Armenian Republic the major part of the four Turkish vilayets of Van, Bitlis, Erzerum, and Trebizond, whose actual frontiers with the Ottoman Empire President Wilson was even then fixing. And as if anything more were required to induce the Armenian Government to move into its new territory, the British Government furnished a shipment of munitions to arm an Armenian force for just such an enterprise.

Under these circumstances it is scarcely to be wondered at that, so soon as the Treaty of Sèvres was signed, the Dashnakzagan Government of Armenia mobilized all men between 15 and 40 and, with an army of some 34,000 thus raised, undertook to occupy the territory which the Treaty of Sèvres had adjudicated to Armenia. The result was disastrous. The ill-trained, insufficiently equipped, inadequately armed Armenian force broke against Kiazim Karabekhir Pasha's Turkish regulars. By November 7, 1920, the Armenian people, fed for two and a half years by their Dashnakzagan rulers on assurances that the Powers of Europe and the United States would protect and defend Armenia and that Armenia was to be erected into a great nation at the expense of the hated Turk, witnessed occupation of the greater part of Russian, not Turkish, Armenia by a Turkish army. Disillusioned, they cast about for a means of salvation, and suddenly became aware that Soviet Russia, with a watchful eye on the Turkish operations, had 10,000 Red soldiers at Akstafa, on the Armenian frontiers to the northeast, where they could readily be marched against Kiazim Karabekhir at a moment's notice. For two years and a half the Armenians had been crushed under taxes to maintain an army, while famine stalked through the land where the plowshares had been hammered into swords. The militaristic policy of the Dashnakzagan Government had failed. Its subservience to the secret ends of the Entente had brought nothing but the eloquence of Viviani and Lord Robert Cecil's shriek at the League of Nations Assembly at Geneva. As a culminating irony, a week after President Wilson had reached his decision as to Armenia's boundaries with Turkey under the Sèvres Treaty, Kiazim demanded and obtained Armenia's renunciation in writing of the Treaty of Sèvres. It was at this juncture, when the League Assembly was asking President Wilson to mediate between the Turks and the Armenians from a distance of 6,000 miles, that Moscow offered to mediate, with 10,000 troops to back the mediation, only 100 miles from Alexandropol.

The Armenians are a practical people. The Dashnakzagan policy was bankrupt, but the Dashnakzagan group, unwilling to let go of power completely, tried to attract Russian favor by substituting the Russophile, Vratzian, for the Entente's man, Ohandjanian, as President, and taking two Bolshevists into the Cabinet. But Legran, Moscow's representative in Armenia, was not to be fooled by an eleventh hour conversion. He demanded the immediate sovietization of Armenia. By an arrangement with the Dashnakzagan Government, therefore, General Dro on December 2 set up a military dictatorship, accepted the harsh peace terms of Kiazim Karabekhir, and proclaimed the establishment of the Socialist Soviet Armenian Republic, of which Sarkis Kassian became the first President. The following day the Treaty of Alexandropol was signed.

But in return for what Armenia lost to Turkey by that instrument, Soviet Russia at once set about obtaining compensation for Armenia in the shape of the immensely rich mineral lands of the Karabakh highlands and the district of Zangazoor, previously held by the Azerbaijan Tartars. The district of Kars, ceded to Turkey, has always been preponderantly non-Armenian; that of the Karabakh and Zangazoor has always been preponderantly Armenian. The solution reached by Moscow was an absolutely sound one, based on actual, present population.

The deposed Dashnakzagan group had no intention, however, of thus weakly yielding a power which had proved extremely profitable—$200,000 in American currency were seized from one of the Ministers of the Dashnakzagan Cabinet when the Soviet Government was established. The contention was at once set up abroad that as the deputation which had signed the Treaty of Alexandropol had been appointed by Ohandjanian, it did not represent the Armenian Government in power on the date the treaty was signed, and therefore the treaty was null and void; and on this basis the Dashnakzagan representatives in Europe and the United States sought assistance to overthrow the Soviet Government of Armenia.

The attempt was made on February 18, 1921. A coup d'etat was effected in Erivan, the capital of Armenia, and Vratzian and his Dashnakzagan followers returned to power. But the people of Armenia were tired of war. Promises of Entente support to conquer the territorial awards of the Sèvres treaty left them cold. The anti-soviet movement failed to spread beyond the capital, and by April 2 Vratzian and his followers had fled to the Karabakh highlands, and the Soviet Government was once more firmly established in Erivan, with Alexander Measnagian as President. Under his direction the little band of Dashnakzagan rebels, who had taken refuge in a district which would not have been Armenian save for Moscow's intervention, were routed on July 14 and forced to seek asylum in Persia.

Meanwhile with the aid of Soviet Russia the Turks occupying Armenia had finally been induced to evacuate the country on April 21. Immediately after the sovietization of Armenia the Red army which had arrived to protect the Armenian inhabitants against the Turks voted to give one bread ration daily to the famine-stricken starving of Armenia whom the militaristic policy of the Dashnakzagan Government had left without food. In May, after the at-

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tempt to overthrow the Soviet Government had failed, ten car-loads of agricultural machinery were shipped to Armenia from Moscow to replace the material the Turks had seized, and a million and a half yards of cloth were sent to help clothe those whom the Dashnakzagan Government had left nearly naked in order to uniform the army. At the same time 1,500,000 rubles, in gold, were sent to Erivan to enable the Armenian Government to purchase seed grain and draft animals in Persia.

I saw an agricultural demonstration train sent out from Moscow to teach the Armenian peasants farming methods a little more modern than the Biblical breaking the ground with a charred stick plow and tramping out the grain with muzzled oxen. Two agricultural schools have been established by the Soviet Government on estates formerly the property of absentee landlords, in one of which modern farming is taught and in the other market gardening. In Erivan I visited an agricultural laboratory for the study of the best methods of obtaining food production, in charge of an Armenian graduate of one of the finest agricultural colleges of Europe, who had been sent from Moscow to the country of his fathers to help put his own people on their feet. In Alexandropol, when cholera was raging last summer, I found a medical train on a side-track with car-loads of volunteer Russian girl nurses who had been sent to Armenia to help fight the epidemic.

Armenia today, under its Soviet Government, is more distinctly Armenian than I have ever known it to be. Where under the old Dashnakzagan Government Russian as a language was coequal with Armenian, today everything is Armenian. Maesnagian himself, Armenian-born but having lived in Russia many years and attained high consideration as a political writer, related to me that when Armenia turned Soviet, Lenin called him in and said to him: "Your country has a chance to make something of itself. That's where you belong. Go back there and get busy. If you need any help, call on us. We'll give you what we can. Meanwhile it is up to you Armenians. You are free to do whatever you like. Go to it." The men who are with Maesnagian today in the Socialist Soviet Government of Armenia are fine types—finer types than any I have ever seen in positions of responsibility in that country before. They have an immense task on their hands and they are working with extraordinary devotion and self-sacrifice to bring it through successfully. The country is ruined, bankrupt, looted, impoverished, and scourged with famine and disease. There seems to be no hope. And yet, somehow, I believe that Armenia is on the right track at last, and I have faith that the Armenians will yet come through. They face, however, one very real danger: Soviet Armenia lies directly in the path of that Moslem corridor from Thrace to India that Turkey joined Germany in the war to achieve. How vital a factor the dream of a Mohammedan hegemony in the Near and Middle East still is, despite Turkey's defeat in the war, has been dramatically revealed by the publication on the eve of the Near Eastern Conference, when under French insistence the Treaty of Sèvres is to come up for discussion and possible revision, of a dispatch from the Government of India to the Secretary of State for India, urging "the necessity for a revision of the Sèvres treaty" as "of supreme importance to India."

In this dilemma, Soviet Armenia has but one friend—that vast Russia under whose aegis she is today closely associated with the other Transcaucasian states for self-preservation.

The Ditch

By HARWOOD SMEETH

THERE was once a man who wished a ditch dug. The ditch would lead water to a barren field and enable the man to grow food, which would have Value. The man, inasmuch as he was in the market for work, was a Customer.

There was another man who dug ditches for a livelihood. He was strong and robust, and he was a Laborer. The Laborer was a good ditch-digger, but he could not lay out a straight line.

There was a third man who was possessed of that unique faculty of being able to lay out a straight line and figure such metaphysical things as slopes and angles. He could plan things in the future; so he was an Executive. Being an Executive, he could not do manual labor himself; so he was an Employer.

These three men got together.

Said the Executive, "Give me the contract to put through your ditch, and I'll be responsible the work is done right."

Said the Laborer, "I'll work for this man," indicating the Executive, "but I must be paid every night."

Said the Customer, "That's for you and your Employer to settle. I'll give you the contract," to the Executive, "and you must take responsibility for the work and for your Laborer's pay."

"Very well," replied the Executive, "I must have 25 per cent of the contract price before I start and 25 per cent in advance for each quarter as the work progresses."

"That's impossible," said the Customer, "because until my fields produce I shall have no money, and my fields cannot produce until the ditch is dug."

The Executive scratched his head. "This is awkward," he murmured. "What with the Hard Times brought on by Inflated Currency and Overextended Credit I can't afford to pay our friend here until I get my money from you."

"I guess I'd better be looking for another job," said the Laborer. "My family insists on eating."

"It seems strange," remarked the Customer absently. "Here we are, we three. Between us we combine all the essential elements for the production of Wealth. I shall work my field when my ditch is dug; you are willing to execute my commission with your ability to superintend the direction and the slope of my ditch; and you are only too willing to work with your strong arms. Yet, with all these elements, we cannot produce any Wealth."

From this discourse it will be observed that the Customer was a Philosopher, which is a long word with an un-American derivation meaning what Business Men mean when they say "Impractical Theorist," "Crazy Idealist," or the simpler "Blank Fool."

As the Customer mused aloud and the Executive moodily watched the Laborer preparing to seek work elsewhere, a fourth figure appeared on the scene. He was a portly man, very dignified of carriage, dressed with meticulous care. He carried himself as one accustomed to rule the world. From all this it is quite obvious he was a Banker.

"Good morning," he said cheerfully.

The Executive nodded gloomily but said nothing.

"We're considering an interesting problem," said the Customer pleasantly. "I want a ditch dug. These two men

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are willing to undertake the contract, but we are hampered by lack of Funds. We have all the essential elements to produce Wealth, but we cannot get started."

"Ah, my friend," said the Banker genially. "You err. You have all the essential elements but one. You lack Capital."

"You mean," inquired the Customer, in what threatened to become his Philosopher's tone, "that it takes Capital to produce Wealth?"

"You have a sly sense of humor," chuckled the Banker. He enjoyed this joke. "As if everybody didn't know that!" He laughed aloud; and, as the joke grew on him, he slapped the Customer on the back. "You sly dog," he cried, the tears running down his cheeks, "you are a funny one!"

"But," said the Laborer, "what about me? I dig the ditch."

"And me?" put in the Executive.

"You both come in, certainly," said the Banker with an airy wave of the hand. "But without me the world would stand still. You see it in your case. It is a generous act on my part to allow this ditch to be dug, for that is what I contemplate doing. All because of that laugh you treated me to," he added, turning to the Customer.

"You mean that you will help us out?" asked the Executive eagerly. He wanted the work badly.

"Yes," said the Banker, throwing out his chest and assuming an attitude of benevolent magnificence, "I'll let you have the money to finance this project, for I am convinced that yonder field will produce much Wealth—with my help."

"That is kind of you!" exclaimed the Executive.

He did not ask where the Banker procured the money, nor did the Banker mention the fact that it was the money of thousands of Laborers, Executives, and Customers, just like the men in this tale, that he was going to divert to the unselfish and laudably patriotic service of rendering fertile the barren field of the Customer.

"It is my Duty to Society," said the Banker modestly.

"Then," cried the Customer, elated, "let us get started at once. Roll up your sleeves," to the Laborer, "and you get out your instruments. Let us waste no more time."

"One moment," said the Banker softly. "There is a little detail. We call it Interest; it is really Compensation for Risk."

"Compensation for Risk?" asked the Laborer, his sleeves half rolled up.

"Certainly," said the Banker blandly. "Am I not risking my Capital? If it weren't for me, you could not go ahead."

"There's truth in that," muttered the Laborer, doubtful, only half satisfied. He scowled thoughtfully at the Banker.

"What's the matter?" demanded the Banker. He was becoming excited. "Are you a Russian? Do you know this man?" excitedly turning to the Executive.

"I've employed him many times during the last ten years," said the Executive. "I have always found him a faithful and dependable worker."

"I suspect him," said the Banker, shaking his head. "Where's my Grand Jury?" He looked about him, but no one was in sight.

"I'm sure my friend the Laborer is all right," said the Executive. "You were saying, sir——"

The last word had a visible effect on the Banker. He quickly regained his former suavity.

"Ah, yes. I was speaking of Interest. A mere trifling matter of, say, 6, 7, or 8 per cent. And of course I would have to be protected—remember the Risk to my Capital——" with a dark look at the Laborer, who was puzzling something in his head. "You would have to put up Security, say, your house and lot, your instruments, any tools you may have—and what else have you?"

"All that?" asked the Executive, somewhat surprised. "What is this Security for?"

"I must be protected. The State laws demand it. Of course I'd like to lend it to you unsecured, but we are limited—surely you understand."

"Then," said the Executive, turning to the Customer, "I must have more money for my work. It seems I must endanger my house and all my worldly possessions in order to dig this ditch you want dug. I must also Compensate our friend the Banker for his Risk, and what I had figured as my Compensation for doing this work barely covers the Interest I must pay him, and takes no account of the Risk I run of losing all my worldly possessions should there be some accident."

"In that case," said the Customer, "I must charge more for the produce from my field."

"Then I'll have to pay more for my food," said the Laborer. "You must pay me more money," to the Executive.

"In that case, I must increase my charge to you again," said the Executive to the Customer.

"And that will add to my——"

"One moment," said the Banker. His voice was not so pleasant as it had been. "You can't increase your wages. You Laborers are getting too much already."

"But we can't live on what we're getting," grumbled the Laborer. "We have to pay the *same* Big Prices for everything. For several months my principal item of diet was words, and the toughest was 'Deflation'."

"Now you're talking about things you don't know anything about," said the Banker irritably. "The long and short of the matter is this: What I say goes. If you don't want to do this job on my terms, say so. I can find plenty of other places to put my money. But if I put it into this job, because of my warm personal relations with the Executive here, I put it in with the understanding that there is no raise in wages. Come to think of it, I don't think you'd better raise your price to the Customer," he said to the Executive. "We must Liquidate all Costs. We can't afford to have the Customer raising the price of food any more."

"But my Profit——" began the Executive.

"There is plenty of room for your Profit between the 6 per cent I shall charge you and what you get over the Laborer's wages."

"And my Risk," said the Executive.

"I don't see how you figure that," said the Banker coldly. "It's my Capital you're using. I don't see that you have a worry in the world. Come to the Bank tomorrow and I'll have the papers ready."

The hoot of a klaxon was heard down by the road. The Banker said goodby cordially, and hurried to his expensive foreign touring car. The other men walked slowly home.

Contributors to This Issue

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Jodh Singh

By AGNES SMEDLEY

THIS tale is not of the Andaman Islands, the Indian Siberia. Nor is it of Bangkok, the capital of Siam, where Jodh Singh, a Hindu revolutionist, was caught by the British in the year of our Savior, 1915. The tale is one of simple fact, illumined here and there by the gossip of men recently come from India, and substantiated by court evidence. This is merely one of the hundreds of millions like it in India.

Jodh Singh was an Indian revolutionist with a warlike heritage. He was a Sikh from the Punjab, and he believed in the warlike teachings of the nine great Gurus of the Sikh faith. But in this instance his warlike heritage availed him little. He was imprisoned in Bangkok, then after a time removed to Singapore, a city which enjoys to the fullest extent the "protection" of the British.

The commanding officer of the British military barracks ordered Jodh Singh brought before him. But the Sikh refused to talk. Daily he was taken before the officer, walking between two armed soldiers, and directly in front of another. He did not look back; but he knew from the jabs of the butt-end of the rifle in his back when he faltered in his steps that a guard was there; and he knew from the click of a first-class British rifle in the process of being loaded or cocked that the guard was there. At times he waited in dumb terror, wondering just when the shot would be fired, and in what part of the body; whether in the head, in the lungs, or in the heart, or whether, just to teach him the fear of Christ, in the arm or leg.

The cell in which Jodh Singh existed for one year was very dark. A rift of air entered through cracks between boards covering a little barred window high up near the ceiling. A hard bench served for a bed, and an interesting variety of bugs and cockroaches for bedfellows. The heat was terrific in Singapore. Jodh Singh would lie on the cement floor in his cell, hoping to escape the bugs and the heat. But the bugs also were of warlike heritage; and, having associated with Christians for three centuries, had learned to love their enemies as themselves. The mosquitoes possessed the same psychology. After one year had passed, Jodh Singh would lie and watch the dim outline of the ceiling, caring no longer for the antics of his cell-mates. While thus engaged one day, the guards came and took him once more before the commander.

He was so emaciated and weak that he could not stand upright. The guards laughed as he tried. They punched him and jabbed him, and they cursed him in disgust. He looked so like an animal, his bones almost coming through his skin, his eyes sunk far into his head, and his animal-like attempts to stand. In disgust they picked him up and carried him before their commander. This time Jodh Singh talked. In simple and broken English he told of the secret shipment of arms which he was in Bangkok to receive and transmit to young men in India. He gave a few names and addresses of his revolutionary brothers. They treated the Sikh kindly after that, as kindness goes with captors in India. They told him that his life would be spared if he would tell his story before the court in his native city of Lahore, and afterwards in Mandalay, Burma.

It sounded very simple to Jodh Singh. So he gave his testimony, although the results were never made known to him. Yet in Mandalay, twelve Hindu revolutionists were banished for life to the Andaman Islands, while six others faced for the last time the rising sun as it arose from beyond the Bay of Bengal. In Lahore, twenty-four of his own people calmly looked into the muzzle of British rifles and, with songs on their lips, saluted the everlasting Himalayas. Their blood mingled with the soil of India, and some said that no greater honor could have been shown it. The brother of one of the dead lived in a far village; and when he heard the news, he reached out and silently grasped the arm of his father. And the old man wept and clung to his only remaining son who stood before him, his face rigid, his chin high. The rifle shots echoed far, and it is said that an old peasant woman, hearing them, and knowing that her two sons were dead, sat down quietly, with hands folded, and looked into the distance. A girl, finding her so, chanted from the Bhagavad Gita the prophecy of the rise of the revolutionary spirit of India to destroy the conqueror:

> Whenever there is decline of virtue and predominance of evil, then I embody Myself.
>
> For the protection of the good and for the destruction of evil-doers, for the firm establishment of the National Righteousness, I am born again and again.

Things often happen strangely. And so in this case. Jodh Singh was told that before he won the right to live, he must tell his story in far-away America. His freedom would come at the end. If he refused, he would share the fate of his revolutionary brothers. Jodh Singh was taken under military guards across the Pacific to amuse the Americans with stories! He landed in Vancouver, in Canada, on British soil. This was a kindness, because Hindus are not permitted to land in Canada. He was even greeted by a gentleman who had formerly been in India, a man named George Denham. The Sikh shivered a bit before him. It was not pleasant to stand before this man who, for years, had been head of the C. I. D., the British spy system of India, and who during the war for democracy was deputed by the British-Indian Government to "take care" of the Indians in the United States. It was like standing before a man whose hands were still steaming with the warm red blood of the youth of his country. Jodh Singh listened to instructions and remembered them.

He was then taken across Canada and down to Chicago, accompanied by British and American secret service men wherever he went. No warrant of arrest had been served on him. He did not know that he could have walked out of Chicago, a free man, legally. He would not have tried had he known; he had heard the click of rifles behind his back too often, and had been told too often that death would be the price of disobedience. Upon his testimony before a Chicago court, a Hindu, a Columbia student, was convicted and sentenced to prison for an alleged offense against British control of India. The lawyers for the Hindu drew the story from the Sikh—the story of his suffering and his torture—but only after bitter legal struggles. Then the Hindu student understood, and had only pity in his heart for the witness. The story which Jodh Singh told on the witness stand did not amuse the Americans so very

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greatly. So his captors took him to San Francisco to try it there. It was the time for the great San Francisco Hindu conspiracy case. It was in the fall of the year 1918, when the leaves of the mountain oak were turning red. It was the second year of the war for democracy. The Hindus were on trial in an American court, at the behest of the British Government, for attempting to found a democracy in India.

Jodh Singh was brought into a courtroom where nineteen of his countrymen were facing trial before a hostile judge, a hostile jury, and a carefully press-fed public. His manner was slightly changed this time, and it was not learned until later that another Hindu was suspected of having gone down the hotel fire escape and through the window whispering words which were heard by none but the captive.

From the witness chair Jodh Singh looked at his countrymen. Some were Sikhs, of his own religion. One was slight, like a brother who had sat before him in the prisoner's box in Lahore. The face was youthful and bore the look of tragedy about the eyes and brow. Jodh Singh met the eyes, then turned away quickly. He searched the packed courtroom. There sat George Denham, the British spy! And he was fingering legal documents and talking to a man of importance in the government.

The Sikh turned to the judge and asked if he had the right to refuse to give evidence. He inquired, brokenly, if he could remain in the United States if he did not testify, or if he would be returned to India and killed. Could he not plead guilty and take his place with his countrymen. Would he be returned to India? The judge would give the Sikh no assurance that he would not be returned to India if he did not testify. Plead as he might for some word of assurance, no word was given. To him was but the alternative of telling his "little story" or returning to India, undoubtedly to his death. He could see that the nineteen prisoners were bending forward. He thought for a long time—of bedbugs and mosquitoes, of rifle clicks, of eyes of young men, of long dark nights and endless days, of the tragic, impassioned songs of his motherland—he thought of the suffering of India and the men who had gone the death-road before him. Then slowly he uttered his decision. He refused to give testimony.

When his decision was given, the nineteen Indian prisoners arose to their feet. "Bande Mataram!" they cried. "Hail, motherland!" It was the revolutionary cry of all Hindustan. It rang through the courtroom, echoing from wall to wall. It escaped through the windows and lost itself in the autumn air. Surely it was carried on the winds of suffering to the land of its birth, causing a strange uneasiness. The face of the spy was livid. There were orders for silence. Jodh Singh was led from the courtroom, and no one saw him again for many weeks. Then a demand was made by the Hindus that he be placed with them in the same prison. They were fearful for him. They could not trust even "democratic" American prisons.

Jodh Singh was eventually brought into the marshal's office. He was again thin, emaciated, and weak. His black eyes, sunk deeply into his head, gave him a fearful appearance. His clothes were torn, and it was said that he—not the British secret service men—tore them. One Hindu, also a Sikh, spoke to him in his native tongue. Jodh Singh then ripped open the front of his torn shirt and forced up the sleeves of his coat. He bent down and touched his knees. On his breast and on his wrists were dark brown splotches—burned skin. The Hindu who was watching turned his head, and his face went white. He turned to talk and to question again. But Jodh Singh did not see him. His eyes had lost their gleam of intelligence, and it was only upon occasion that they would revive it.

Jodh Singh was insane.

Three years have passed. The war for democracy has ended. The British remain in India. Jodh Singh was sent to the Mendocino State Asylum at Talmadge, California. He was undoubtedly insane because he asked why, since the war had ended and India was undoubtedly set free as a result, he was not liberated! For a long time even his own father could get no word of the whereabouts of Jodh Singh. From behind its machine-guns the British Government in India informed the old man that it had never heard of his son. The aged father then wrote to friends in America.

"The Government, in spite of its best efforts," his letter read, "was unable to find out his address. I am an aged man. My anxiety about my dear son is adding to the infirmities of age. You will earn my heartfelt gratitude if you can tell me of him."

Last summer the father arrived in America and through the assistance of the Hindustan Gadar Party of San Francisco obtained the release of his son on September 3. Jodh Singh was taken home mentally dead and physically ruined.

India aflame—Newspaper headline, March 11, 1922.

In the Driftway

SOMETIMES the Drifter has laid down one of those tabulations of life in a three-story-and-basement dwelling in South Brooklyn where the Browns and their dull parents and their stupid children are said to carry on the affairs of their uninteresting lives from birth to death without a gleam of romance or adventure (and he has no doubt the creatures really do)—sometimes he has laid down one of those four-hundred-page accounts of life as it is with a sigh, and has murmured sadly, Where, Oh where are the red-blooded novels of yesteryear? And in complete and satisfying answer to his wish comes "Self-Paid," a little literary gem of two and a half columns in the Pittsburgh *American*. The story deals with the fortunes of Fantosse Delvane, a young girl induced to leave her humble country home because Archie Boll had told her "Your face and figure are worth a million dollars to you in New York." Fantosse was a little doubtful of the wisdom of leaving her faithful lover Gilbert Hammond, but the lure of the city was irresistible. On the station platform she "stepped back in awe as the giant engine chortled past and the train pulled in" and bade farewell to her old life.

"God-speed, Fantosse, my dear," mumbled the mother in a dry senile voice that trembled with emotion.

"I'll make good, mama," were her last words, when Fantosse tore herself from the parental embrace.

At one a.m., a year later, she sat in the Luxe Cafe with Archie. Things then happen thick and fast: Fantosse becomes the "queen of the follies" in less time than it takes to tell, and is married to the millionaire, Martin Dawn, who was "quite an affectionate young flapper." But stormy days lie ahead. Against the wishes of her husband, Fantosse has consented to pose for an artist named Candleer, also a millionaire.

One day, when the painting was near completion, she was horrified by a sound at the studio door. It was Martin Dawn,

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her husband who had followed her! She was posing almost nude. There was grave danger in his cold black eyes and twitching lips. She neglected her languid posture and gaped in terror at those eyes. Candleer appeared unconcerned when he spoke:

"Resume your pose Fantosse. Pay no attention to that man."

Enraged beyond measure, Dawn pulled a revolver and shot Candleer through the heart and stood hovering over Fantosse. The latter gathered her numb senses and recovered with a fine display of temper and bearing. Then in rushed Gilbert [who was always near] and everybody who was in earshot of the tragedy. Unnerved, Martin left the pistol slip to the floor and blankly stared at the blue haggard face of the dead man in a crimson pool.

Dawn was lodged in jail for murder, escaped the electric chair through claim of temporary insanity, while Fantosse secured a divorce.

* * * * *

FROM then on Fantosse went from bad to worse. The wicked Archie compelled her to open a tea-room on Broadway and turn over the proceeds to him. But business did not flourish. "The old life lost its glamor and color."

One evening Gilbert came into La Fantosse Tea-Room and ate in stolid silence. There was no old love in his eyes as of yore—only the depths of great pity as he looked at her covertly.

Nobody liked Fantosse any more, was a harsh thought that oppressed her. The foundation rocks of public opinion were crumpling, and the pedestal she had reached became untenable. The world's finery was naught but glittering brass: putty. And while falling, she had seen Gilbert rise to prosperity. Her looks had faded, the mirror told her.

When Gilbert paid his check, he whispered in her ear: "A friend of mine wrote me that your mother has been stricken by a stroke of paralysis." In compassion his eyes were pools of an admixture of light and darkness as he studied her a long minute.

Fantosse brokenly sighed and covered her face. Midst the gaiety of Broadway she had forgotten the little mother at home. . . . Looking up she fancied she detected a hint of the old love Gilbert used to have for her . . . but she would never marry him—the Creator knew how deeply she felt her unworthiness. "I'm going to work for mother the rest of my days," she resolved simply, while real earnest tears flowed down her sallow paintless cheeks. . . .

Soon Archie walked in and demanded money. But Fantosse scribbled a draft payable to her mother and spiritedly mailed it.

* * * * *

IN spite of her attempts to live a better life, however, poor Fantosse found difficulties piling up around her. Evicted from tea-room and boarding-house for non-payment of rent, she consented to take a trip with Archie on a friend's yacht "just for old time's sake." What was the surprise of Fantosse to discover that the owner of the yacht was none other than her old friend Gilbert! But "he paid little or no attention to her during the evening's festivities in the salon." In despair she resolved to drown herself, but before she could put her resolution into effect a huge wave struck the ship and swept her overboard. . . . As men gathered on the deck, a weird twist of fate returned her to the boat's deck on another wave.

Then Gilbert was standing over whispering: ". . . I know all . . . but I still think of you as the little unsophisticated girl who left home years ago."

"Do you?" she asked faintly, the smile of heaven on her face. "Such noble philosophy, and a—nobler man. Incomparable, Gilbert."

And the last to suggest that they did not live happily ever after would be

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Letters to the Editor should ordinarily not exceed 500 words, and shorter communications are more likely to be printed. In any case the Editor reserves the right to abridge communications.

A St. Patrick's Day Message

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If I might venture on the occasion of our first St. Patrick's day since the great days in Ireland to send any message to our people throughout the United States I would say: "Be patient and be slow to form judgments on the position of affairs in Ireland."

The experiences of the last six years in Ireland should show us that whatever temporary differences obscure the realities of the cause in Ireland, we can rest satisfied that the people of Ireland, including *all* the leaders, are animated by one motive—the motive of National Service.

Let us all remember that the Irish people alone—the Irish people who have to live and work in Ireland—can decide the future of Ireland. Let us introduce no new sectional differences into the Irish element in America. Let us rather try to secure a unity of purpose and effort that will consolidate the best that is in our race here. The dignity of Ireland and more particularly the dignity of the Irish race in America demands that unity in the name of our common Motherland. Let us endeavor to discover in what phases of activity we can find a common interest. Let us seek to honor those who in literature, art, and commerce and in social and cultural pursuits reflect the highest genius of our race and we may perhaps find opportunity to discover for ourselves and for the American people generally the qualities of our race in America rather than their failings.

Ireland achieved her freedom when she turned her back upon the British Parliament and sought her life work in Ireland. Even when the armed forces of England were at their very worst Ireland was free, for she had regained her National Soul.

Ireland is *not* going back to servitude. The slave spirit is dead. Let us work not in the destructive spirit but, in so far as is possible, in the restoration of the Gaelic ideal, the building of a real Irish Ireland for the Irish.

It will be well if the reflex of that Irish Ireland is achieved and maintained among our race here. It will be for the good of our people here, it will be good for Ireland, and it will be good for America. A genuine interest in these three purposes is my only justification for venturing to accede to your request and making this plea to the people of our race in this country.

JOSEPH CONNOLLY,
New York, March 1 Consul General in America

Hard on the Apostles

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I see that the Circuit Court of Appeals at Boston has decided that a belief in communism is a sufficient cause for deportation. As I understand it this would prohibit any foreigner who believes as Peter and Paul and the other apostles and disciples did from becoming a citizen of this country because all the early Christians believed in and practiced communism (Acts, 4:34 and 35): "Neither was there any among them that lacked, for as many as were possessors of lands or houses sold them and brought the prices of the things that were sold and laid them down at the apostles' feet; and distribution was made to every man according as he had need."

Oklahoma City, February 16 T. D.

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"For His Good"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of February 8, on page 149, Mr. Ernest Gruening in his very able article on Haiti and Santo Domingo Today quotes one stanza of a poem, as follows:

If you see an island shore
Which has not been grabbed before,
Lying in the track of trade, as islands should,
With the simple native quite
Unprepared to make a fight,
Oh, you just drop in and take it for his good.

The poem should then continue:

Chorus:

Oh, you kindly stop and take it for his good,
Not for love of money, be it understood,
But you row yourself to land,
With a Bible in your hand,
And you pray for him and rob him, for his good:
If he hollers, then you shoot him—for his good.

There've been sad and bloody scenes
In the distant Philippines,
Where we've slaughtered thirty thousand for their good
And, with bullet and with brand,
Desolated all the land,
But you know we did it only for their good.

Chorus (*fortissimo,* beginning with a howl):

Ow! just club your gun and kill him for his good;
Don't you waste a cartridge, give him steel or wood;
When he's wounded and he's down,
Brain him 'cause his skin is brown,
But be careful that you do it for his good,
"Take no prisoners" but kill them—for their good.

Yes, and still more far away,
Down in China, let us say,
Where the "Christian" robs the "heathen" for his good,
You may burn and you may shoot,
You may fill your sack with loot,
But be sure you do it only for his good.

Chorus:

When you're looting Chinese Buddhas for their good,
Picking opals from their eyeballs made of wood,
Just repeat a little prayer,
As you pry them out with care,
To the purport that you do it for their good;
Make your pocket-picking clearly understood.

Or this lesson I can shape
To campaigning at the Cape,
Where the Boer is being hunted for his good,
He would welcome British rule
If he weren't a blooming fool;
Thus you see that it is only for his good.

Chorus (*pianissimo*):

So they're burning burghers' houses for their good,
As they pour the kerosene upon the wood,
I can prove them, if I list,
Every man an altruist
Making helpless women homeless—for their good;
Leaving little children roofless—for their good.

Moral:

There's a moral to my song,
But it won't detain you long,
For I couldn't make it plainer if I would,
If you dare commit a wrong
On the weak because you're strong
You may do it—if you do it for his good.

You may rob him, if you do it for his good;
You may kill him, if you do it for his good;
You may forge and you may cheat;
You have only to repeat
This formula: "I do it for your good,"
Crime is Christian when it's really understood.

I wrote this poem in 1901 as a protest against the annexation of the Philippines, and the verses were originally published in the old Chicago *Record.* I received a letter from Mark Twain in which he said: "I thank you for the poem. It is what I would have written myself, but for lack of the poetic faculty."

Jacksonville, Florida, March 3 BERTRAND SHADWELL

The Matter with the Colleges

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "What is the matter with the colleges?" asks Constance Leupp Todd in a recent number of *The Nation.* If you will permit me, I should like to give one little fragment of answer to the question, in the form of three comments:

1. The average American college is a plutocratic hierarchy. The men at the top—the trustees—are the same men who run the banks, the packing-houses, and the department stores, and they take their business psychology with them into trustee meetings.

2. The average American college is an academic dictatorship—teachers ruling; students obeying.

3. The atmosphere in the colleges is one of tolerant indifference to "academic" questions of right and wrong, and of stern determination to win "success" on the world's terms.

To meet this situation I submit the following suggestions:

1. Have the affairs of the college managed by educational rather than by financial experts. This might mean less money. It might also mean more wisdom.

2. Have the students participate actively in all of the responsibility for managing and directing the institutions. If men and women of 18 or 20 are incapable of self-government, it is time they learned.

3. Less emphasis on "success" courses and more on courses that lead to questioning and the weighing of evidence.

4. The organization in all of the colleges of blocs of students and teachers who want to see a new deal all around.

The American colleges have more than half a million of the coming generation now on their rolls. They are a vital link in the chain that binds the present to the future. It is of the utmost importance that the colleges give these young men and women a training that will enable them to function in 1952.

Ridgewood, N. J., March 2 SCOTT NEARING

We Print This Humbly

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I'm not going to adopt the tragic air of the faithful reader surprised and grieved by the lapses in your editorial expression; but I am curious to know why, forsaking your traditional lack of respect for authority, you of all people rattle the bogy of George Washington's "entangling alliances" over the Four-Power Treaty.

Participation in that treaty may be ill advised on the part of the United States, but what has George Washington's dictum got to do with it? A century and a quarter ago America was the infant in the family of nations; today she is one of the most powerful. Whatever dangers the wiles of diplomacy may then have involved, they have little relationship to the modern rivalries of economic imperialism which have been built upon the development of the capitalistic production of the nineteenth century.

If your objection to the treaty is that it tends to tie us up formally with that pernicious colossus of economic imperialism, why not say so rather than let George do it? He did not know of these modern developments. The blanket appeal to ancient authority is apt to have dubious implications; as when the village philosopher ended the discussion by remarking, "If capital punishment was good enough for my ancestors, it's good enough for me!"

New York, March 6 PAUL JONES

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The Gulls

By GEORGE STERLING

Leprous and bleak the marshes lie
To leeward of the town,
And there, forgetful of the sky,
The gulls walk up and down——

Waddle, not walk: the grace of flight
Has sorry contrast there.
So a buffoon might please the sight,
But not a thing of air.

Pure, at the ramparts of the Gate,
The wheeling billows flash;
White, where the stainless beaches wait,
The foaming breakers crash;

And purer there the boundless winds
In solitude go free;
And cleanly there the roamer finds
The scent of reef and sea.

Upon the marsh the winds are sick,
The waters slack and foul;
And where the city's bilge is thick
The sullied sea-birds prowl.

'T is not the country's wholesome tilth
Where once they tracked the plow:
From wave to mire, from foam to filth,
The ocean-born go now.

The marshes reach in soot and scum
To leeward of the town.
Like sailors in a city slum,
The gulls go up and down.

O Hunted Huntress

By WITTER BYNNER

O hunted huntress, close before
Springs a white fawn for your dart
And, close behind, a night-black boar
Tears the long shadow of your heart!
Yet overwhelm those liquid eyes,
Those delicate and rhythmed feet,
Aim incessant where he flies
Beautiful, fugitive, and sweet,
And toward the follower never glance,
However mortally beset—
Your bow is no deliverance,
Only be swift and so forget
That barbs are slender and would bend
In so uncouth and thick a pelt,
That he would hold you and would rend
The very hand with which you dealt—
Plunging black and flashing white,
Not to flee but to pursue! . . .
Before the onset of the night,
Before the fawn shall blacken too.

Marriage

By BABETTE DEUTSCH

Not any more, not ever while I live
with you, shall I be single or be whole.
A wife is one who cannot cease to give
flowers of her body, and graftings from her soul.

I came to bud for you like a young tree;
and though I should not give you any fruit,
here is one orchard where your hands make free.
Something is always tugging at my root.

Though you abandon what you once found sweet,
I shall be like a birch whose bark is torn
by fingers scratching difficult, incomplete
confessions of an outlived love and scorn.

And though I wither near you, patiently
as any bough that any wind can break,
you will go on having as much of me
as winter from a stricken limb can take.

You are my winter, as you are my spring.
However we pretend, this will be true.
You are the wind that makes the leafage sing
and strips the branches that it quivers through.

Shrine

By J. E. SPINGARN

I have loved freedom more than anything else;
And freedom fades—I see her everywhere dying;
Her troops are scattered and her army melts—
On every hill-top the enemy's flag is flying.

But still she does not die; insoluble man,
Haunting her empty temples, hollow-eyed,
Still hears the echo of her ancient ban:
"Whoever thinks I am dead, himself has died."

The Hope-Chest

By ANNE HERENDEEN

Folded across the top's a little kissing,
And humming birds and keys to secret doors;
And funny jokes (where all the points are missing)
And fireflies and lovely lions' roars.

And next below I've put in tidy files
Friends who care and everything that matters:
Letters and laughs and whispers in their piles
And silver scarlet dresses danced to tatters.

And in the very bottom labeled "Danger"
There is my savage little heart all broken,
But with the pieces saved in case some stranger
Should want to try to mend it, for a token.

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Books

Recent Economics in Britain

Prices and Wages in the United Kingdom, 1914-1920. By Arthur L. Bowley. (Carnegie Endowment for International Peace: Economic and Social History of the World War.) Oxford University Press. $3.

War and National Finance. By R. H. Brand. London: Edward Arnold.

Industrial Problems and Disputes. By Lord Askwith. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $5.

The Economics of Socialism. By H. M. Hyndman. Small, Maynard and Company. $3.

Guild Socialism. By G. D. H. Cole. Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.60.

Liberalism and Industry. By Ramsay Muir. Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.75.

DURING the late unpleasantness the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace devoted its resources largely to the patriotic task of winning the war. Since the armistice the energies of the Endowment have been directed in no small measure to writing the history of the great struggle. It is to be hoped that the 28 British and 44 French monographs reported to be in progress may be duly supplemented by corresponding studies for the United States and Italy and Germany and Russia and the neutral states, in order that we may get the facts of national history which Professor Shotwell declares to be precedent to any comparative analysis.

It was Arthur L. Bowley, of course, who was chosen to present the principal movements of wages and prices in the United Kingdom from 1914 to 1920. The book deals with results, not causes. Solid raw material for the economic historian of the future, it is dry pabulum for the general reader of today. By the use of 78 tables and ten diagrams Mr. Bowley shows the regular rise of prices from the beginning of the war up to the end of 1917, when wholesale prices had more than doubled. By the summer of 1920 they averaged more than three times those of 1914. Wage rates generally lagged behind prices, but earnings, in consequence of increased employment, probably outran prices from the outbreak of the war up to the armistice; during the next two years it was nip and tuck. Some sections of the working classes, particularly the worst paid, were probably better off in 1920 than before the war, and other sections worse off, concludes Mr. Bowley.

The Hon. R. H. Brand, dealing with the same set of facts from the standpoint of the intelligent and conservative international banker, offers at least a partial explanation of many of the phenomena described by Mr. Bowley. His book, made up chiefly of articles contributed to the *Round Table* from time to time, explains clearly the part played by Lombard Street in the war. Lacking his great predecessor's charm of style, Mr. Brand yet reminds one of Bagehot in his easy familiarity with big financial facts and his appreciation of their significance for trade and industry. Voluble critics of America might well ponder his quiet statement that only the fortunate entrance of the United States into the war made it possible for the Allies to continue after the middle of 1917 on the same scale as before. Everyone would do well to reflect on two other of his observations: that the United States, overflowing with materials, and Europe, destitute and famishing for want of them, must find some plan of mutual cooperation; but that on the other hand "in the main the European countries impoverished by the war must work out their own salvation. They can no more be restored by charity than can an individual." If the politicians of Europe had talked this kind of economic horse sense three years ago instead of trying to delude their peoples with fanciful dreams of impossible German indemnities and easy money from the United States, the world might today be farther along on the road to economic recovery. But for a politician to return from the realm of war-time lies to that of peace-time truth is only less difficult than for a rich man to pass through the eye of a needle —or whatever it is that the Scripture says.

Mr. Brand has one god, the gold standard; one devil, inflation; one way of life and salvation, hard work and saving, combined with government economy. If he displays scant sympathy with new-fangled schemes of social reform, at any rate he shows no signs of the softheadedness that so often accompanies softheartedness. His hard gospel of work and saving is one that the world has got to hear if it is ever again to become a decent place to live in.

The extraordinary price changes discussed in the two books just mentioned have occasioned endless struggles between employers and employees. In his fat volume on "Industrial Problems and Disputes," Sir George (now Lord) Askwith relates in detail his unrivaled experience in settling labor controversies. Probably no living man can equal him for skill in making such adjustments, and this record of his activities (the last third of it dealing with the war period) is a useful historical document. The book is as noncommittal as its title, however. No general conclusion emerges except that a skilful negotiator can do wonders if the politicians let him alone. Of practical suggestions for bettering relations between laborers and capitalists Lord Askwith is very chary; nor has he a good word for any part of the new British machinery except the Trades Boards. Perhaps he is tired; at any rate he is uncommonly cautious. Doubtless he is right, too, in saying: "It is the spirit, not paper systems, which alone can prevent war and reduce the reasons for industrial strife." Probably the merit of his book lies in its reserve. Yet one lays it down with regret that its author did not venture a suggestion for just one daring, glorious blunder. But he is a sensible Englishman.

Whatever Lord Askwith lacks in dogmatism, the late Henry M. Hyndman makes up, and to spare. Mr. Hyndman for half a century knew just what was the matter with the world, and he still knew when he wrote this book. There is one God, and Karl Marx was his prophet. If any man wants Marx made a little more comprehensible than Marx was able to make himself, he will perhaps read Mr. Hyndman's book with pleasure and profit, but he will find in it no new ideas. In fact, it is an old book, based on lectures delivered thirty years ago by this socialist veteran now unhappily gone.

By contrast with Mr. Hyndman, G. D. H. Cole succeeds in maintaining the appearance of open-mindedness, no matter how securely he has padlocked his brain. Mr. Cole writes easily—and too much. It is doubtful whether any very important purpose is served at this particular time by a two-hundred-page American edition telling just what the world "would" be like if organized into a system of national guilds. The convinced guildsman may be interested; the early Christians liked to hear what heaven was like. But in the present tired state of public feeling, Utopias are selling at a discount. A faithless and unbelieving generation is likely to profit more largely by description of actual experiments along guild lines, as in the building industry. The rather unhappy impression that Mr. Cole left with the Coal Commission was due largely to his failure to grapple in detail with the concrete realities of the existing situation. One could wish that he might study a bit more and write less.

Faced by these same puzzling realities, a group of Manchester industrialists have lately tried to work out an industrial policy for the Liberal Party. Ramsay Muir's book embodies their findings. It is well worth reading, even though it is on the whole a book of the "on the one hand this, on the other that" sort, leaning neither to partiality on the one side, nor to impartiality on the other. Mr. Muir sees no hope in the makeshifts of a Coalition government on the one hand, or on the other in the activities of a Labor party wavering "between two mutually incompatible doctrines, both abstract, ill-defined, and undigested." If on the one hand he is a bit uncertain where he is going, on the other he is sure that he knows how to get there, and after

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all it is better to travel hopefully than to arrive. At any rate, Mr. Muir is a less pernickety guide than Mr. Hyndman, and he shows us more places that we recognize than does Mr. Cole.

His compass is liberty, and a good compass it is—not liberty, we hasten to add, in the sense of license, but ordered liberty, in which no one treads on the tail of another's coat. Valuing liberty highly, Liberalism has always distrusted the extension of governmental functions; but now, of course, government must do some new things—but only the things that it ought to do. For example, it will lay down rules for the conduct of industry. We learn that organizing ability is to get a reward in proportion to efficiency, that labor is to have fair play and security of employment, that capital is to receive fair interest, that the consumer is to be guaranteed fair prices, and that the community is to be assured of maximum production from every concern. How? By Liberalism. It is all quite like Mr. Roosevelt.

In combating socialism, Mr. Muir takes the ingenuous position that the democratically controlled state "stands outside the economic conflict," and has succeeded in a measure in protecting all men against the abuses of power. This is interesting and beautiful, and probably we shall soon forget Mitchell Palmer.

As for nationalization, Liberalism will not place any great industry under direct government control, but on the other hand it will never, never consent to put business under the exclusive control of producers. Hence—to our astonishment—Mr. Muir plumps for nationalization of the railroads, and, less strongly, of the mines, always with *buts* and *provided thats*. The land is the gift of God, and the Liberal holds that there should be both private and public ownership. So take your choice.

In taxation, Mr. Muir of course favors the good and opposes the bad, and he lands up advocating a levy on capital, always assuming that it could be carried out without a great dislocation of industry. One of the most interesting features of his book is the evidence it affords of how far the pressure of circumstances has carried British Liberals from their old economic moorings. At no point is the drift more apparent than here.

Mr. Muir's little work represents an honest and intelligent attempt to deal concretely with present British industrial problems on the basis of a set of political convictions not ballasted with correspondingly definite economic principles. Very likely this troubled world is to be saved by dealing with each situation as it comes along, on the basis of applied common sense without too long a look ahead; but such a performance is never very satisfying intellectually, and after all the thoughtful man is bound to wonder whether economic life cannot be reduced to any sort of logical order.

An armful of books like these leave the reader with a sharp impression of the complexity of the world's financial and industrial problem, and the importance of detailed study of each particular question in its relation to all the other economic puzzles. To rebuild the bridge of economic life more in accord with the principle of service and without interruptions to the traffic that must move over it in expanding volume day by day is a task demanding better thinking than our generation has yet done.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

The Behavior of Judges

The Nature of the Judicial Process. By Benjamin N. Cardozo. Yale University Press. $2.

THOSE who brought the Tables of Stone from Mount Sinai were not the last to thrust the lawgiver behind the mask of myth or of abstract formula. Unthinkers still assure us that ours is a government of laws and not of men, rejecting as unholy the emendation that it is a government of lawyers and not of men. Judges, they say, do but passively apply what the law in its wisdom reveals to them—or to five out of nine of them. Yet there have long been skeptics. Two hundred and four years ago Bishop Hoadley dared to say that "whoever hath an absolute authority to interpret any written or spoken laws, it is he who is truly the lawgiver, and not the person who first wrote or spoke them"; and Lord Bramwell later revealed that "one-third of a judge is a common juror if you get beneath the ermine"; to which Mr. Justice Riddell adds that "the other two-thirds may not be far different." Mr. Justice Holmes eschews fractions for biology and physics. Forty years ago he told us that "the life of the law has not been logic: it has been experience." Recently in viewing the development of a single cell he has said: "I recognize without hesitation that judges do and must legislate, but they can do so only interstitially; they are confined from molar to molecular motions." The judges of a century enjoy a range denied to the arbiter of a particular dispute; but he too has room to move about. The difference is one of degree.

Coke, an unconfirmed rumor tells us, found his Mount Sinai in his knowledge of the Latin tongue. When in need of authority for decisions he willed to reach, he would write: "As the old Latin maxim saith:"—and then he would make up the maxim. Coke may have lacked candor; but it was well that he knew what he was doing. It is from judges who know not what they do that we suffer most today—judges who think themselves constrained by principle or authority, when all that limits them is their ignorance or prejudice. This is especially unfortunate in America, where judges under the vague prescriptions of our bills of rights can veto legislation that makes a discord with their prepossessions. Modestly they may profess that it is not they that speak but the Constitution that speaketh in them; and often they are sincere, deceiving themselves when to others it is clear that they naively impute to the Constitution those personal frailties of temperament or education that long possession has made them cherish. Such judges are ignorant of the nature of the judicial process because blind to the nature and effect of their own emotional and intellectual processes. So it is that in the decisions most out of joint with the times we find ranged with the majority those judges most deficient in perception of themselves, those who link their accustomed modes of thought and feeling with something fundamental in the structure of society and find new departures so shocking that they suffer paralysis of such vision as they might in calmer mood employ. What makes a poor judge poor is as a rule less ignorance of the law than ignorance of human nature and of the nature of the judicial process.

Of such is not Judge Cardozo. The people of the State of New York are blessed in having on their highest court a man with the background, the insight, and the vision of the writer of these lectures. In reviewing them in the *Harvard Law Review* for February, Judge Learned Hand calls their author "a judge who by the common consent of the bench and bar of his State has no equal within its borders; . . . one who by the gentleness and purity of his character, his acuteness and suppleness of mind, by his learning, his moderation, and his sympathetic understanding of his time, has won an unrivaled esteem wherever else he is known." One would qualify this appreciation only by doubting whether Judge Cardozo's eminence is as solitary as it implies, and cite the appreciation itself as an index of where to look for one of his companions in merit. Such colleagues are likely to increase in number because of the irresistible appeal of Judge Cardozo's avowal and analysis. Only the perverse or stupid can deny his wisdom that "it is when the colors do not match, when the references in the index fail, when there is no decisive precedent, that the serious business of the judge begins." And in this serious business where the judge is creator and statesman, the ancient learning in sheep and buckram is but a point of departure. That Judge Cardozo knows the other springs of wisdom is told by the titles of his chapters. He points to philosophy, to history and tradition, and to sociology. That he knows the enemies who lie in wait to taint the stream is shown by his analysis of the subconscious element in the judicial process. There is ironic wisdom in his

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comment that "it is often through these subconscious processes that judges are kept consistent with themselves and inconsistent with one another." Something higher than consistency with himself is demanded of a judge. In a changing world where new facts press hard on the best preserved theories, the judge must be responsive to the currents of life about him. He must strive for that sympathetic understanding that will help "to emancipate him from the suggestive power of individual dislikes and prepossessions" and "help to broaden the group to which his subconscious loyalties are due."

All this is vague enough, as no one knows better than Judge Cardozo. He tells us how much easier it is to find the ingredients to be blended than to fix the proportions of the blend. In any case where logic and history and sociology contend for mastery, whose shall be the victory or on what terms shall we have peace without victory? Judge Cardozo, like wise men generally, has no general rule. He reports battles that have been waged and shows us how the line of combat shifts from age to age. Those cast-iron obdurates who resent his analysis must yield to his recital. So measured is his judgment, so fair his portrayal, that he never would satisfy a foolish generation that searcheth for a sign. None the less he leaves us with confidence that we may with safety commit our disputes to any bench responsive to the influences he sets forth. He impresses us with his faith that "in the endless process of testing and retesting, there is constant rejection of the dross, and a constant retention of whatever is pure and sound and fine." With lawyers and judges imbued with the spirit of these lectures the lag of the law would yield much of its slack. Much as bench and bar need to go to school to Judge Cardozo, his teaching is not for them alone. The frailties of lawyers are the frailties of men, and all who form judgments are subject to passion and bias and blindness. Judge Cardozo's book would be as apt if called "The Nature of the Judgment Process." The illustrations from the law are stripped of technical raiment and will little strain and much enlighten the understanding of lesser breeds without the Law. Dwellers in darkness who shun enlightenment but love good English will do well to avoid exposure to Judge Cardozo's charm. For those who fear not wisdom there is great delight in store.

THOMAS REED POWELL

Confusion Worse Confounded

The Literature of Ecstasy. By Albert Mordell. Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

THE existence of poetry is the best possible proof of the existence of the unconscious. All times and all men have agreed that the poet spoke not as other men and drew his material from some source unknown alike to himself and to others. His inspiration comes either from some daemon outside himself, as the Greeks, hiding as usual their ignorance under allegory, pretended to believe, or it comes from some unknown part of the mind. If modern psychology can actually tell us anything of that unknown mind and its relation to our ordinary personality it is opening up a field of knowledge as new and as strange as if it had established communication with a world of spirits. In that unconscious mind, composed perhaps of forgotten experiences and racial memories, may lie not only Socrates's daemon but the "still small voice" and the "trailing clouds of glory" as well. A psychology of the unconscious is, indeed, necessary to the Aristotelian point of view, for if love, religion, and other glimpses of the ineffable are not shadows of an ideal world then their roots must be found in a source somehow detached from our ordinary consciousnesses. If there is nothing in the mind that was not once in the senses, then there must be a limbo from which glimpses of an apparent heaven and shudders from an apparent hell are dragged up.

But the new psychology in general and Freudianism in particular is, it must be remembered, a science and not a religion. Its hypotheses, like those of every new science, are probably more or less wrong, and it needs the most rigid testing. Yet it has, unfortunately, acquired far too many disciples who have accepted it as a new religion, and they have gone about unlocking all doors with this universal key, babbling of sublimation and repression as one once babbled of original sin and salvation by grace.

Albert Mordell is in some ways peculiarly unfitted for the delicate task of distinguishing between what is known and what is only surmised, and of applying the results to literature. His work is the product of an eager but undisciplined mind. His will to believe is too strong for his critical faculty and he has swallowed Freudianism whole. At a time when the most rigidly scientific method was necessary he put forth in "The Erotic Motive in Literature" a mass of undigested fact and conjecture in which he showed a complete inability to distinguish between commonplace fact and wholly untested hypothesis. He could argue elaborately to prove little more than that an author's work is influenced by his experience and then leap to the wildest dogmatism about the Oedipus complex without seeming to realize the delicacy and complexity of the whole business. He knew, for instance, all of Goethe's stops and would play upon them, discussing the pathology of the soul with an assurance that would ill become a physician discussing the pathology of the body. He had read very widely indeed, but he was woefully deficient in judgment and organizing power, so that as a result of his labor one got merely the commonplace and the doubtful in about equal proportions.

In "The Literature of Ecstasy" he has again missed his opportunity. Because he is unwilling or unable to concentrate his attention upon a single problem he has produced, instead of a valuable work in which all that is known or surmised about the relation of poetry to the unconscious should be brought together, only a hodge-podge in which everything is touched and nothing adequately treated. The first chapter, in spite of some confusion, begins well. Here, having defined the essence of poetry as ecstasy, ecstasy as "the voice of the body," and Greek poetry as the "breaking forth of the unconscious into expression, controlled by a censorship on the part of the poet," he has stated an interesting thesis. At least, some interesting things might be said in defense of this theory. It would account, for instance, for the unknown from which so much poetry comes; it would account for the sensuousness in which apparently unsensuous ideas are often clothed, for that curiously primitive quality of so much great poetry, and, above all, for the way in which ideas repellent to our rational or moral nature are nevertheless strongly attractive in poetry. These considerations, and also the relation between Aristotle's much-discussed catharsis and Freud's theory of purgation through dreams, have been suggested by writers dealing with the general subject of the psychology of the unconscious, but they might be given exhaustive treatment by someone interested primarily in literature. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Mordell has not given this treatment. His actual contribution is very small and he has been content, for the most part, simply to restate the hints of former investigators and then to wander off into all sorts of by-paths, getting himself inextricably entangled in history, sociology, and ethics until his work becomes a sort of commonplace book. "Much of the old poetry," he says, "should be discouraged, for it is debased and undemocratic"; and again: "Literature written to encourage the workingmen in their ill-paid condition will not be countenanced by the future" This may be an interesting speculation concerning the censorship of tomorrow, but, taken with many other irrelevances, it drives the reader to ask what in heaven's name all this has to do with the relation between poetry, ecstasy, and "the voice of the body." Indeed, so copious are Mr. Mordell's quotations and references and so ill are they arranged and digested that one is inclined to accuse him of having taken copious notes in the course of wide reading and then had his notebooks set up in type. If he does not pretend to be an original investigator he should at least spend more time in communion with his notes.

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After the first two chapters, in which is stated what seems to the reviewer the theme of the book, Mr. Mordell does not return to this theme until the tenth of his twelve chapters. Meanwhile he has become so enthusiastic in the quotation of various authorities on critical subjects as not to perceive the essential contradictions in the theories which he champions. He believes, for instance, that the essence of the poetic quality is the ecstasy with which a sentiment is expressed; yet he is so violent a champion of right thinking (of a mildly radical sort) that he seems at times to assume that expression in any form of ideas congenial to his democratic-humanitarian creed is great poetry and the most ecstatic expression of any other ideas at least only very inferior poetry. He thus is guilty of the ethical fallacy in the judgment of art when this fallacy is the very one which a critic dealing with poetry as the primitive "voice of the body" is most bound not to commit. Again, he accepts Freud's theory of poetry as the release in symbolic form of repressed emotions and then in another place follows Croce and treats poetry as direct expression, never, through it all, organizing his ideas with sufficient clearness to perceive their essential contradiction. Concerning the theory of poetry he has clarified nothing. Rather he has made confusion worse confounded.

That there is some connection between the creative process and the unconscious is highly probable, but, frankly, not enough is now known to justify an attempt to explain all imaginative literature as the symbolic expression of suppressed desire. Symbolism in the Freudian sense quite probably does exist, and probably does explain the irrational fascination which certain lines have, but it is one thing to acknowledge this and another to say (as Mr. Mordell does) of Wordsworth's To a Skylark that "the sexual interpretation is unmistakable." Surely we do not yet know enough of the unconscious to imply that in poetry there is no imitation (in the literal sense) and that a poet cannot write poetry about a bird because it is a bird, but must always mean something else. Possibly the time will come when all this can be said and when we can distinguish between the poetical and the prosaic on the basis of a relation to suppressed desire, but that time is not yet. Surely we do not now know enough about the unconscious to justify dogmatism.

J. W. KRUTCH

Yellow for Green

Crome Yellow. By Aldous Huxley. George H. Doran Company. $2.

THE youngest of the Georgians recalls the last of the Victorians; "Crome Yellow" is "The Green Carnation" after thirty years. There is the same week-end party in an English country house, the same eddying of brilliant conversation, the same weary, ultra-civilized mockery, the same touch which is so sure without ever being innocent, the same phosphorescence which we shall let someone else call the phosphorescence of decay. There is even a young poet who, like Dorian Grey, admires his mirrored image. But the eroticism has changed in character and now centers about a young person named Mary who is desperately afraid of developing complexes through repression and wears her hair "clipped like a page's in a bell of elastic gold about her cheeks." The types, in a word, have been brought up to the minute; the mood is the same—an intensified Alexandrianism, enormously clever, amusing, learned, futile.

The party that is assembled in "Crome Yellow" is representative if not very inclusive. Priscilla recalls the dowagers of Oscar Wilde; Mary belongs to the Freudian moment; Anne is vague. The men are more expressively defined. Mr. Scogan is a Wellsian and discourses with more wit and eloquence than belief on the Rational State; Henry Wimbush lives in the past and seems the least empty of them all; Mr. Barbecue-Smith and the Reverend Mr. Bodiham are two varieties of the species pure fool—the inspirational uplift monger and the monger in prophecy. There remain the two young poets—Denis Stone and Ivor Lombard. To anyone whose chief contacts with contemporary verse are American these two will seem subtly archaic. They are as passionately concerned with the luscious bloom of words as the most heavily decorative of the Victorians; they have not yet the slightest feeling for the sober or the stripped in poetic diction and scatter verses freighted with perfume and orotund vowels. In the orthodox way, too, they sit waiting for lyrics to be wafted to them out of the common sentimental moods of dawn or dusk and institute no research into such fresh perceptions and observations as may create new forms by virtue of a force within them.

It is clear, then, that Mr. Aldous Huxley has, in his work, none of those specifically new notes or tendencies which one commonly associates with the work of the instinctive or consciously militant post-Victorians. He lives in a different world from that of D. H. Lawrence or James Joyce or Dorothy Richardson. He cultivates a firm tradition and will seem original only to those ultra-modern youngsters—their number increases daily—who have read no books but those written in the present century. What Mr. Huxley has, however, is a literary skill which only sound learning coupled with ripe talent could produce. He strikes no note of his own; he does the accepted but in the heat of this literary moment almost forgotten thing superbly. His Henry Wimbush is supposed to be writing a history of the House of Crome and from that history he reads two episodes to his assembled guests. These passages, the story of Sir Hercules Lapith and the story of the Three Lovely Lapiths are magnificent exercises in an all but forgotten manner. The prose is the firm, sound, syntactically vigorous prose of the eighteenth century, shapely and elastic, felicitous without strain and eloquent or striking at the bidding of the occasion alone. In such writing Mr. Huxley shows a type of scholarship and appreciation that is becoming more precious as it becomes rarer. The same qualities shine less brilliantly in his exercises in parody—the sermon of the Reverend Mr. Bodiham and the paragraphs that introduce Ivor Lombard into the narrative. These, too, however, are excellent and confirm the observation that the talent exhibited in "Crome Yellow" has little or nothing to do with the urge and spontaneity of creation but is allied to the gifts that produced the Latin verses of Marvel and Johnson, the Italian sonnets of Milton, and the French odes and songs of Swinburne.

L. L.

Drama

The Development of Eugene O'Neill

ONCE more, as earlier this season, two new plays by Eugene O'Neill were presented to us within less than seven days. The first pair of plays—"The Straw" and "Anna Christie"—illustrated the astonishing virtues, the even more astonishing lapses of this dramatist in a manner to which every critical observer had by now become accustomed. The second pair, consisting of the worst play he ever wrote, "The First Man" (Neighborhood Playhouse), and of the best, "The Hairy Ape" (The Provincetown Players), defines the inner nature of his talent, sets his direction, establishes his necessary aim. His long period of faltering experimentation should now come to an end. There are obvious limitations which he seems fated never to transcend; there is a quality of power and vision that he need never again lack.

His secret is that he cannot work freely within the established forms of the drama. They betray him into absurdities, monstrosities, vulgarities. Since his contact with foreign dramatic literature is limited, he is accustomed to see these forms as a rule basely and unveraciously used. He cannot escape that baseness and that unveracity. In "Beyond the Horizon," even in "Anna Christie," striving to be constantly himself, he succeeds in many passages and moments in being only—Willard Mack. He associates the normal form of the drama with the

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ruses of Broadway and misses expression through a supposed obligation toward certain tricks of coincidence, suspense, and sharpened conflict. In "The Emperor Jones" he abandoned both the outer form and the pseudo-naturalism of his more conventional plays. Within that piece itself his imagination flagged. But this flagging was due, in part at least, to a monotony inherent in his subject. He had found his form and method, and his failure to cultivate it exclusively from that moment on may be accounted for by that isolation from the central movements in European literature in which so many American writers live. He may have felt himself to be engaged in an unheard-of experiment; he was, in fact, an expressionist of the most approved and, undoubtedly, of the nobler sort.

In "The Hairy Ape" he returns to his true and necessary dramatic practice and, at the same time, builds a bridge both for himself and for his hearers out into that imperfectly discovered country of dramatic mood and form. Never has his naturalism been so authentic or so massive as in the scenes in the fireman's forecastle and the stoke-hole of the ocean liner. The speech of Yank is here and remains to the end an unrivaled transcript of an American idiom. The ladies on the promenade deck are among the most impossible of Mr. O'Neill's many impossible women. One of them, fortunately, has no function at all; the millionaire's daughter fulfils hers. It is brief and symbolical. She goes slumming in the stoke-hole. She sees the grimy, sweaty, half-naked, gorgeously blasphemous Yank. She loses her nerve and shrieks with loathing, horror, and contempt.

The action of the drama is now transferred from the outer world into the consciousness of Yank. The man's dumb and germinal soul had been sustained by the feeling that he, furnishing with his muscle the ultimate power that makes the great ship go, was at the center of the human order—a man and a force. He didn't envy the rich on the promenade deck. They were baggage; he "belonged." The girl's cry makes the foundations of his life crumble. He is a slave, a horror, a "hairy ape." To her and her kind he is not only not necessary; he is not human. He sets forth to avenge himself, and from this moment on we no longer see our world but his—the fragile, sinister dolls on Fifth Avenue, the cage in prison, the white-livered I. W. W. who will not help him violently to avenge his monstrous hurt but take him for an agent provocateur, the gorilla in the Zoo who, stronger, wilder, more primordial than himself, is not his brother but his enemy and conqueror. The tragedy is the inner tragedy of the proletarian soul. No talk about class-consciousness or orderly revolution can help Yank. He is torn out of the world which he thought that he himself sustained. He is lost—wandering between man and beast. Mr. O'Neill proclaims no tendency. He will not assuredly repudiate the inherent one: society must humanize the consciousness of its humblest members to be saved at all.

"The Hairy Ape" is not a perfect play. Felicity of any kind is not a characteristic of Mr. O'Neill. He is strong or feeble. No touch of beauty or charm ever hides the moments of failure in his work. In "The Hairy Ape" those moments are few. The drama is momentous in its vision, strength, and truth. There is something hard in its quality, but it is the hardness of the earth's rocks; there is something of violence, but it is the violence of an intolerable suffering.

The production which is the work of Mr. Robert Edmond Jones and, it is rumored, of Mr. Arthur Hopkins, has a somber, imaginative glow, a visionary strangeness, a subtlety of tempo and modulation that make it a theatric achievement of a high order. Mr. Louis Wolheim plays the central role with a profound naturalness and tragic force which are brought into vivid relief by the sharp, strident Cockney keenness of Mr. Harold West and the soft, misty, poetical resignation of Mr. Henry O'Neill's Irishman. The audiences of Broadway may take fright at "The Hairy Ape." It is extraordinarily virile and unafraid. If they do not, Mr. O'Neill should add a triumph in the theater to that creative one of which he is already assured.

The Theater Guild's production of the second and third parts of Shaw's "Back to Methuselah" continues the brilliant performance of the most arduous task in the history of our stage. Especially notable is the manner in which Mr. Lee Simonson projects in "The Thing Happens" the physical character of an ultra-scientific age, and in "The Tragedy of an Elderly Gentleman" the mock solemnity of Shaw's temple and oracle. Mr. A. P. Kaye continues his admirably amusing work and Mr. Albert Bruning carries out with unflagging felicity and vigor one of the most difficult as it is assuredly one of the longest impersonations that has ever fallen to an actor's lot. The excellent directing of Mr. Frank Reicher, finally, brings out with beautiful clearness the intellectual intention of Shaw which, more important in parts of "Methuselah" than in the whole, is here that the world can be bettered by nothing but straight and honest thinking and by the destruction of the emotional implications which have survived the exploded doctrines and beliefs that once gave them birth.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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International Relations Section

The Anglo-Afghan Treaty

ALTHOUGH the Anglo-Afghan Treaty was signed at Kabul as long ago as November 22, no text of it has so far been made public by the British Government or in the press of Great Britain. The treaty was, however, printed in the native press of India, and it is from the *Amrita Bazar Patrika,* a Nationalist paper published at Calcutta, that we take, with certain minor grammatical corrections, the text printed below. The appended schedules, mentioned in the treaty, were not printed. The *Amrita Bazar Patrika* in commenting on the settlement, expresses its satisfaction that the treaty was negotiated with the Afghan Government and not, as hitherto, with the ruling family, that Afghanistan's independence was fully recognized, and that the British subsidy to the Ameer was discontinued.

ARTICLE 1. The British Government and the Government of Afghanistan mutually certify and respect each other's rights to internal and external independence.

ART. 2. The two high contracting parties mutually accept the Indo-Afghan frontier as accepted by the Afghan Government under Article 3 of the treaty concluded at Rawalpindi, August 13, 1919, corresponding to the 11th Ziqada 1337 Hijra, and also the boundary west of the Khyber laid down by the British Commission in the months of August and September, 1919, pursuant to the said article and shown on the map attached to this treaty by a black chain line. This is subject only to the realignment set forth in the annexed Schedule I, which has been agreed upon in order to include within the boundaries of Afghanistan the place known as Torkhiam and the whole bed of the Kabul River between Shilman Khwala Banda and Paolsai, which is shown on the map by a red chain line. The British Government agrees that the Afghan authorities shall be permitted to draw water in reasonable quantities through a pipe which shall be provided by the British Government from Landi Kotal Landi Khana for the use of Afghan subjects at Torkhiam, and the Government of Afghanistan agrees that British officers and tribesmen living on the British side of the boundary shall be given access without let or hindrance to the aforesaid portion of the Kabul River for purposes of navigation and that all existing rights of irrigation from the aforesaid portion of the river shall be continued to British subjects.

ART. 3. The British Government agrees that a Minister from His Majesty the Ameer of Afghanistan shall be received at the Royal Court of London like the envoys of all other Powers and permits the establishment of an Afghan Legation in London. The Government of Afghanistan likewise agrees to receive in Kabul a Minister from His Britannic Majesty the Emperor of India and to permit the establishment of a British Legation at Kabul. Each party shall have the right of appointing a military attache to its legation.

ART. 4. The Government of Afghanistan agrees to the establishment of British consulates at Kandahar and Jalalabad and the British Government agrees to the establishment of an Afghan consul-general at the headquarters of the Government of India and of three Afghan consulates at Calcutta, Karachi, and Bombay. In the event of the Afghan Government desiring at any time to appoint consular officials in any British territories besides India a separate agreement shall be drawn up to provide for such appointments if they are approved by the British Government.

ART. 5. The two high contracting parties mutually guarantee the personal safety and honorable treatment each of the representatives of the other, whether minister, consul-general, or consuls, within their own countries; and they agree that the said representatives shall be subject in the discharge of their duties to the provisions set forth in the second schedule annexed to this treaty. The British Government furthermore agrees that the minister, consul-general, and consuls of Afghanistan shall, within the territorial limits within which they are permitted to reside or to exercise their functions, notwithstanding the provisions of the said schedule, receive and enjoy any rights or privileges which are or may hereafter be granted to or enjoyed by the minister, consul-general, or consuls of any other government in the countries in which the places of residence of the said minister, consul-general, and consuls of Afghanistan are fixed. (The Afghan Government gives an identical assurance of the rights and privileges of British diplomatic officials.)

ART. 6. As it is to the advantage of the British Government and the Government of Afghanistan that the Government of Afghanistan shall be strong and prosperous, the Government of Great Britain agrees that whatever quantity of material is required for the strength and welfare of Afghanistan, such as all kinds of factory machinery, engines and materials, instruments for telegraphs, telephones, etc., which Afghanistan may be able to buy from Great Britain or the British Dominions or from other countries of the world shall ordinarily be imported without let or hindrance by Afghanistan into its own territories from the ports of the British Isles and British India. Similarly the Government of Afghanistan agrees that every kind of goods, the export of which is not contrary to the internal laws of the Government of Afghanistan, and which, in its judgment, are in excess of the internal needs and requirements of Afghanistan, and which are required by the British Government, can be purchased and exported to India with the permission of the Government of Afghanistan. With regard to arms and munitions, the British Government agrees that the intentions of the Government of Afghanistan are friendly and that no immediate danger to India is to be feared from their importation into Afghanistan. Such importation shall be permitted without let or hindrance. If, however, the arms traffic convention is ratified by the great Powers of the world and comes into force, the right of importation of arms and munitions by the Afghan Government shall be subject to the provision that the Afghan Government shall first have signed the arms traffic convention and that such importation shall only be made in accordance with the provisions of the convention. Subject to the above-mentioned assurance, the Afghan Government can import the arms and munitions mentioned above into its own territory through the ports of the British Isles and of British India.

ART. 7. No customs duties shall be levied at British Indian ports on goods imported under the provisions of Article 6 on behalf of the Government of Afghanistan for immediate transport to Afghanistan, provided that a certificate signed by such Afghan authorities or representatives as may from time to time be determined by the two governments shall be presented at the time of importation to the chief customs officer at the port of import. This certificate shall set forth that the goods in question are the property of the Government of Afghanistan and are being sent to Afghanistan under its orders, and shall show the description, number, and value of the goods in respect of which exemption is claimed. Provided, secondly, that the goods are required for the public services of Afghanistan and not for the purposes of any state monopoly or state trade. Provided, thirdly, that the goods, unless of a clearly distinguishable nature, are transported through India in sealed packages which shall not be opened or subdivided before their export from India. In respect of all goods imported into India at British ports for reexport to Afghanistan and exported to Afghanistan by routes to be agreed upon between the two governments, the British Government agrees to grant a rebate at the time and place of export of the full amount of the customs duty levied upon such goods, provided that such goods shall be transported through India in sealed packages which shall not be opened or subdivided before their export from India. The British Government de-

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clares that it has no present intention of levying customs duty on goods or live stock of Afghan origin or manufacture imported by land or by river into India or exported from Afghanistan to other countries of the world through India, provided that the importation of such goods into India is not prohibited by law. However, in the event that the British Government in the future decides to levy customs duties on goods and live stock imported into India by land or by river from neighboring states, it will, if convenient, levy such duties on imports from Afghanistan. But in that event the British Government agrees that it will not levy higher duties on imports from Afghanistan than are levied on imports from such neighboring states. Nothing in this article shall prevent the levy on imports from Afghanistan of the present Khyber tolls and of octroi in any town of India in which octroi is or hereafter may be levied, provided that there shall be no enhancement of the present rate of the Khyber tolls.

ART. 8. The British Government agrees to the establishment of trading agencies by the Afghan Government at Peshawar, Quetta, and Perachinar, provided that the personnel and the property of the said agencies shall be subject to the operation of all British laws and orders and to the jurisdiction of British courts, and that they shall not be recognized by the British authorities as having any official or privileged position.

ART. 9. Goods imported from Europe, etc., into Afghanistan under the provisions of Article 7 may be made up into loads suited to the capacity of baggage animals at Jamrud in the Kurram and at Chaman without this being the cause of reimposition of customs duties. The method by which the provisions of this article are to be carried out shall be settled by representatives to be appointed under Article 12 of this treaty.

ART. 10. The two high contracting parties agree to afford facilities of every description for the exchange of postal matter between their two countries, provided that neither shall be authorized to establish post offices within the territory of the other. In order to give effect to this article a separate postal convention shall be concluded, for the preparation of which such number of special officers as the Afghan Government may appoint shall meet the officers of the British Government and consult with them.

ART. 11. The two high contracting parties, having each satisfied themselves regarding the good-will of the other and especially regarding their benevolent intentions toward the tribes residing close to their respective boundaries, hereby undertake each to inform the other in the future of any military operations of major importance which may appear necessary for the maintenance of order among the frontier tribes residing within their respective spheres before the commencement of such operations.

ART. 12. The two high contracting parties agree that representatives of the British and Afghan governments shall be appointed to discuss the conclusion of a separate trade convention to deal with measures necessary to carry out the provisions of Article 9 of this treaty and with any other matter relating to trade, the settlement of which may seem desirable in the interests of the two high contracting parties. Until such a convention is signed commercial relations between the two countries shall be continued on their present basis.

ART. 13. The two high contracting parties agree that the first and second schedules attached to this treaty shall have the same binding force as the articles of this treaty.

ART. 14. The provisions of this treaty shall come into force from the date of its signature and shall remain in force for three years from that date. In case neither of the high contracting parties shall have given notice of the intention to terminate it twelve months before the expiration of the said three years, the treaty shall remain binding until the expiration of one year from the day on which either of the high contracting parties shall have denounced it. This treaty shall come into force upon signature by the delegations of the two high contracting parties and the two ratified copies of it shall be exchanged at Kabul within two and a half months of signature.

Plain Words from the Ameer

THE following extracts from the speech delivered by the Ameer of Afghanistan on the occasion of the departure of the British delegation from Kabul after the signing of the Anglo-Afghan Treaty are reprinted from the Kabul paper *Al Balagh* by the *Muslim Standard* (London) of February 9:

Today I find that the treaty between Great Britain and Afghanistan has been successfully concluded. The two parties have approved each other's feelings, perceptions, and demands. From childhood I have desired complete freedom for all the nations of the world, and I do not desire the destruction of the liberty of any nation that exists on this earth—liberty which is the birthright of every nation. Then how can I bear any interference with the freedom of my own house and kingdom?

I have been fully convinced that it was only Great Britain that deprived Afghanistan of its birthright of freedom, and therefore my activities were directed mainly against Great Britain. Even now I am ready to shed the last drop of my blood for the independence and integrity of Afghanistan and for the full upholding of its dignity. Accordingly I have declared to my nation that my humble life, which I have already offered for my faith and religion, will henceforth be sacrificed in defense of the full independence of Afghanistan. The nation has committed to me all its enterprises, activities, and its precious life itself; and I take it as my new life, and again offer it in the cause of my religion. Some improper actions of Great Britain, such as refusing to Sirdar Wali Khan permission to speak directly to the central Government except through the India Office, and keeping my political agent as an ambassador in India, have aggrieved and displeased me much. But the foresight and carefulness of the British Government have removed these causes of my anger in due time; and now I am pleased that after all Great Britain has confirmed the full integrity and independence of Afghanistan, with the result, as you see, that a neighborly relation was immediately established. Of course there is no doubt that this is not a *friendly* relation of neighborliness. But I hope that it will be changed into a friendly relation as soon as the other difficulties have been removed. . . .

You must not think that I am unaware of happenings in the Moslem world and careless of Moslem feeling. I assure you that I cannot be separated from these feelings even for a single moment. So, if Great Britain requires our friendship in the real sense she must follow our sincere advice, which I indicated to you in our first interview.

Even now, thinking it sincere advice, I tell you again that as soon as Great Britain stepped forward to take action against the Mussulmans, from that very moment the whole Moslem community became disgusted with it, and this brought about the heavy loss which the British Government has suffered, as you already know. Therefore the more attention you pay to making a real treaty with the Ottoman Empire, so much deeper will be the friendship of Afghanistan. Do not think even for a single moment that you can cause harm to the Moslem kingdom and retain the friendship of Afghanistan, or that Afghanistan will remain unmoved if you act against the sacred law of Islam.

It is very necessary for you to reexamine your actions in India thoroughly, because, if the uneasiness and unrest of India increase, the frontier will undoubtedly be affected. I am pleased to hear from my Foreign Minister that you have told him that Great Britain intends to change its present policy toward the Moslem world.

The frontier tribes, belonging to the same sect, faith, and religion as ourselves, are our brothers; therefore we naturally desire the same peace and prosperity for them as for ourselves. So whatever we do for their progress and for the protection of their natural rights Great Britain must do the same.

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Demands and Counter-Demands

A LITTLE light is thrown upon the negotiations which preceded the conclusion of the Anglo-Afghan Treaty in the following extracts from an interview with the Afghan Ambassador at Teheran, printed in the Persian newspaper *Setareye Iran.*

Six months ago a mission of the English Government with Mr. Dobbs, Foreign Minister in India, as chairman, arrived at Kabul for the purpose of concluding a peace treaty between the governments of Afghanistan and England. In the course of the negotiations Afghanistan formulated the following demands:

1. England must assist Turkey in her internal reconstruction, recognizing the sovereignty and authority of Turkey in the provinces which had formerly been under her rule.

2. The frontier tribes of Afghanistan, such as the Vaziers, Makhsuds, Afridii, Mekhmendi, are all of purely Afghan origin and England has no right to intervene in their affairs. England must cease to practice the unlawful activity which has characterized her treatment of these tribes during the last forty years and must recognize the sovereignty of Afghanistan over these tribes; this is also the desire of the tribes.

The members of the English mission at Kabul demanded that the Afghan Government refuse to continue its relations with the Soviet Government, that it arrest all Russian consuls in the provinces bordering upon India, as Gazni, Jedal-Abade, and Kandagar. There were more demands of the same nature. . . . however the Afghan Government refused to break off its friendly relations with the Soviet Government and persisted in its policy of neutrality. . . .

What All-India Wants

THE Bombay *Chronicle* of January 6 printed in full the resolutions of the Indian National Congress upholding the policies of Mahatma Gandhi. In view of the present situation in India and in the Mohammedan world these decisions are of the utmost importance.

Whereas, since the holding of the last National Congress the people of India have found from actual experience that by reason of the adoption of non-violent non-cooperation the country has made a great advance in fearlessness, self-sacrifice, and self-respect, and whereas the movement has greatly damaged the prestige of the Government, and whereas on the whole the country is rapidly progressing toward Swaraj, this Congress confirms the resolution adopted at the Special Session of the Congress at Calcutta and reaffirmed at Nagpur, and places on record the fixed determination of the Congress to continue the program of non-violent non-cooperation with greater vigor than hitherto, in such manner as each province may determine till the Punjab and the Khilafat wrongs are redressed and Swaraj is established and the control of the Government of India passes into the hands of the people from that of an irresponsible corporation.

And, whereas, by reason of the threat uttered by His Excellency in his recent speeches and the consequent repression started by the Government of India in the various provinces by way of disbandment of volunteer corps and forcible prohibition of public and even committee meetings in an illegal and high-handed manner, and by the arrest of many Congress workers in several provinces; and whereas this repression is manifestly intended to stifle all Congress and Khilafat activities and deprive the public of their assistance, this Congress resolves that all activities of the Congress be suspended as far as necessary and appeals to all quietly and without any demonstration to offer themselves for arrest by belonging to the volunteer organizations to be formed throughout the country in terms of the resolution of the Working Committee arrived at in Bom-

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Author's Note, Letter by Upton Sinclair, The Author's reply to Sinclair.

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Letter by Elizabeth B. Ferm and Alexis C. Ferm

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ELIZABETH B. FERM ALEXIS C. FERM
Principal Teachers, Ferrer Modern School, Stelton, N. J.

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bay on the 23d day of November last, provided that no one shall be accepted as a volunteer who does not sign the following pledge:

With God as witness, I solemniy declare that (1) I wish to be a member of the National Volunteer Corps; (2) so long as I remain a member of the corps I shall remain non-violent in word and deed, and shall earnestly endeavor to be non-violent in intent, since I believe that as India is circumstanced non-violence alone can help the Khilafat and the Punjab and result in the attainment of Swaraj and consolidation of unity among all the races and communities of India, whether Hindu, Musselman, Sikh, Parsi, Christian, or Jew; (3) I believe in and shall endeavor always to promote such unity; (4) I believe in Swadeshi as essential for India's economic, political, and moral salvation and shall use hand-spun and hand-woven khaddar to the exclusion of every other cloth; (5) as a Hindu I believe in the justice and necessity of removing the evil of untouchability and shall on all possible occasions seek personal contact with and endeavor to render service to the submerged classes; (6) I shall carry out the instructions of my superior officer and all the regulations not inconsistent with the spirit of this pledge prescribed by the Volunteer Boards or the Working Committee or any other agency established by the Congress; (7) I am prepared to suffer imprisonment, assault, or even death for the sake of my religion and my country without resentment; (8) in the event of my imprisonment I shall not claim from the Congress any support for my family or dependents.

This Congress trusts that every person of the age of eighteen and over, will immediately join the volunteer organizations, notwithstanding the proclamation prohibiting public meetings, and inasmuch as even committee meetings have been attempted to be construed as public meetings, this Congress advises the holding of committee meetings and of public meetings, the latter in inclosed places and by tickets and by previous announcements at which as far as possible only speakers previously announced shall deliver written speeches, care being taken in every case to avoid risk of provocation and possible violence by the public in consequence.

Civil Disobedience

This Congress is further of opinion that civil disobedience is the only civilized and effective substitute for an armed rebellion whenever every other remedy for preventing arbitrary, tyrannical, and emasculating use of authority by individuals or corporations has been tried and, therefore, advises all Congress workers and others who believe in peaceful methods and are convinced that there is no remedy save some kind of sacrifice to dislodge the existing Government from its position of perfect irresponsibility to the people of India to organize individual civil disobedience and mass [disobedience] when the mass of people have been sufficiently trained in the methods of non-violence and otherwise in terms of the resolution passed in the last meeting of the All-India Congress Committee held at Delhi.

This Congress is of opinion that in order to concentrate attention upon civil disobedience, whether mass or individual, whether of an offensive or defensive character, under proper safeguards and instructions to be issued from time to time by the Working Committee or the Provincial Congress Committee concerned, all other Congress activities should be suspended whenever and wherever and to the extent to which it may be found necessary.

This Congress calls upon all students of the age of eighteen and over, particularly those studying in the national institutions and the staff thereof immediately to sign the foregoing pledge and become members of National Volunteer Corps.

Sole Executive Authority

In view of the impending arrest of a large number of Congress workers this Congress, while requiring the ordinary machinery to remain intact and to be utilized in the ordinary manner whenever feasible, hereby appoints, until further instructions, Mahatma Gandhi as the sole executive authority of the

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Congress and invests him with the full powers of the All-India Congress Committee, including the power to convene a special session of the Congress or of the All-India Congress Committee or the Working Committee, and also with the power to appoint a successor in emergency.

This Congress hereby confers upon the said successor and all subsequent successors appointed in turn by their predecessors all his aforesaid powers, provided that nothing in this resolution shall be deemed to authorize Mahatma Gandhi or any of the aforesaid successors to conclude any terms of peace with the Government of India or the British Government without the previous sanction of the All-India Congress Committee, to be finally ratified by the Congress specially convened for the purpose, and provided also that the present creed of the Congress shall in no case be altered by Mahatma Gandhi or his successors, except with the leave of the Congress first obtained.

This Congress congratulates all those patriots who are now undergoing imprisonment for the sale of their conscience or country, and realizes that their sacrifice has considerably hastened the advent of Swaraj.

This Congress appeals to all those who do not believe in full non-cooperation or its principle, but who consider it essential for the sake of national self-respect to demand and insist upon the redress of the Khilafat and the Punjab wrongs and for the sake of full national self-expression, to insist upon the immediate establishment of Swaraj, to render help to the nation in the promotion of unity between different religious communities, to popularize carding, hand-spinning, and hand-weaving from its economic point of view and as a cottage industry necessary in order to supplement the resources of millions of agriculturists who are living on the brink of starvation and, to that end, preach and practice the use of hand-spun and hand-woven garments, to help the cause of total prohibition, and to bring about the removal of untouchability and to help the improvement of the condition of the submerged classes.

The Moplah Disturbances

This Congress expresses its firm conviction that the Moplah disturbance was not due to the non-cooperation or the Khilafat movement, especially as for six months before the outbreak non-cooperators and Khilafat preachers were denied access to the affected parts by the authorities in Malabar, but due to circumstances altogether unconnected with these movements and that the disturbance would not have occurred had the message of non-violence been allowed to reach them. Nevertheless, the Congress deplores the violence committed by certain Moplahs by way of forcible conversion of Hindus and destruction of life and property.

The Congress is of opinion that the prolongation of disturbance in Malabar could have been prevented by the Government of Madras accepting the proffered assistance of Maulana Yakul Hasan and other non-cooperators and allowing Mahatma Gandhi to proceed to Malabar, and is further of opinion that the treatment of Moplah prisoners, as evidenced by the asphyxiation incidents, was an act of inhumanity unheard of in modern times and unworthy of a Government that calls itself civilized.

Congratulations to Kemal

This Congress congratulates Ghazi Mustapha Kemal Pasha and the Turks upon their successes and assures the Turkish nation of India's sympathy and support in its struggle to retain its status and independence.

This Congress deplores the occurrences in Bombay on the 17th November last and subsequently and assures all parties and communities that it is the desire and determination of the Congress to guard their rights to the fullest extent.

The Russian Extraordinary Commission is Abolished

In a forthcoming issue the International Relations Section will print the Soviet Government's decree.

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